

acquired almost overnight fame as a highly successful explorer and the recognition of the Royal Geographical Society in London, not to mention viceregal patronage. A second feat of exploration in 1870 reinforced his status as a celebrity and, after a third successful expedition, the governor gave him six months' leave for the head of his departmental chief in visit England. There he mixed in high society, was presented to the Queen and lost no time in acquiring a family coat of arms and motto in Edinburgh, the *sine qua non* as it turned out for his admission to Burke's *Colonial Gentry* in 1891.

A colonial gentleman

The Glasgow mechanic's son had come far, not perhaps so far as that explorer product of a Welsh workhouse, H. M. Stanley, but far enough to qualify as a colonial gentleman. He was now in a position to reinforce his new status by marriage into one of the most genteel families in the colony. He became Surveyor General in 1883 at thirty-six and, when Western Australia was finally granted responsible government in 1891, the last Australian colony to get it, he asserted his right to be the first premier—a right duly recognized by the governor, his old patron, Sir William Robinson. (Probably his fame as an explorer made the choice irresistible just as later on the Olympic cyclist Hubert Opperman pedalled his way into federal politics.) Thus, felicitously, he achieved the political leadership of Western Australia in the same year as he appeared in *Burke*, where his family origins were romanticized a little and his wife's lineage proudly appended to his own.

Professor Crowley chooses this moment of triumph to end the first long-awaited volume of what, according to some reports, is to be a trilogy. It is hard to believe there are another two volumes in what is left of Forrest's career. Admittedly the next decade was a hectic one for him, the Premier of (thanks to the goldrushes) a rapidly developing colony, and certainly some biographers have been over-precipitate in rushing their subjects out of the scrib of provincial politics into the tall timber of federal affairs. There is also Forrest's contribution to federation to be reckoned with, and he is already certified by J. A. La Nauze as a "founding father" of the constitution. But Forrest's years in federal politics were a good deal less brilliant than Deakin's, an altogether more interesting, intelligent and sensitive person. Forrest may have been for a decade the preeminent of Perth politics, but he cut an altogether less imposing figure in Melbourne—Deakin's aphorism that he was "amiable rather than able" was probably a not altogether unfair description of his final years—in federal parliament, and in 1913 he suffered the ultimate humiliation of failing by virtue of Deakin's own deliberative vote to succeed him as party leader. His last years were marked by an increasing alienation from the working classes his family had risen above. He died in 1918 en route to England to take his seat in the House of Lords as the first Baron Forrest of Bunbury, the first native-born Australian member of that house, in what would have been the apotheosis of his hard-won gentility. He was buried in St. Leon's (temporarily), leaving a final irony of his career—neither son nor daughter to inherit his dynasty.

Forrest was a burly, vigorous, conscientious administrator and politician; and has on the whole been well served by his biographer, with whom he shares the successful explorer's vigour of self-discipline, patient plotting and a strong sense of direction, as well as one or two less desirable qualities. In attempting to bring Forrest to life, Professor Crowley was severely handicapped by the paucity of extant personal correspondence (though he might have looked harder for it among Forrest's English correspondents) and to have idealized his subject. All the same, though his is a highly worthwhile study of what has been

virtually *terra incognita*, one feels that he has not quite got Forrest's full measure. On page 270 he describes Forrest's greatest practical weaknesses as an occasional lack of political tact and "a tendency to have his companions or audiences with repetitions accounts of the public services which he had rendered to the community at large." But these were only symptoms of the central fact—Forrest's over-wearing ambition and pride—and though these are by no means ignored one would have welcomed more careful analysis of his political motivation. What proportion vanity and love of place? What proportion a keen sense of public service? Perhaps the components will emerge more clearly in the next volume.

Professor Crowley also sees Forrest as always thinking he knew best for his audiences—the hallmark of the paternalist—and tending to view politics in much the same way as he had for so long surveyed the Australian bush from horseback or from an elevated trig station. Forrest certainly gave the impression of looking down, from saddle height, on the electorate, even if he was careful not to sound too condescending (the one unforgivable insult to Australian voters then as now). But Forrest is spared a really critical appraisal of his achievements. The 1870 expedition across the south side of the Nullarbor Plain only accomplished more carefully and clumsily what Eyre and an Aboriginal had done on foot thirty years earlier, and his wisdom in embarking on the 1874 expedition with horses instead of voicing until he could obtain camels is highly questionable. Likewise, in the face of his own hard experience and the accumulated evidence of Giles, Gosse and Warburton, his stubborn and implausible optimism about the existence of fertile inland pastures. Finally, though he may have been innocent of conscious impropriety, it was surely poor judgment on his part to invest in land while he was in the survey department.

The truth seems to be that, though Professor Crowley is justified in emphasizing his virtues as explorer, administrator and politician, his shortcomings deserve close consideration. There was, too, an ungraciousness about Forrest, evident in his dealings with the explorer Giles and the governor, Groome, which is hardly endearing and contrasts vividly with their much more generous praise of him, and one needs the perspective of eastern Australian politics to appreciate just how conservative Western Australia and Forrest really were in 1891. Still, his efforts to establish a yeomanry or "bold peasantry" with the help of American-style homestead legislation show positively that he did display some of the political benevolence associated rightly or wrongly with an English gentleman. This is not inconsistent with Professor La Nauze's verdict that "he was, as nearly as could be in Australia, a Tory".

That Forrest was influenced by British models of political behaviour is hardly surprising given his always ardent love of the mother country—"home" to him even before he had ever been there. Not only did he declare that "our aim should be to make Australia another British race", but also he believed British naval protection permanently indispensable. This was a view which Forrest shared with most Australians of his generation, not merely fellow Australian gentlemen.

Granted Deakin's invitation to the American fleet in 1908 does indicate that even then some Australians were anxious to hedge their bets a little in the face of the alleged "Yellow Peril", but certainly Forrest's assumptions about the imperial connection would have been shared by another gentile Australian family of the period—the Caseys.

Unlike Forrest, Richard Casey was no *aristocrat*. As he related in *Australian Father and Son*, the Caseys rose to the gentry via a shipowner, a Liverpool Irish grandfather, he migrated to Tasmania as a penniless young doctor and was fulfilled by his pastoralist father's marriage into the Tasmanian gentry.

respectable Brisbane merchant and shipowner (sharply before the latter went bankrupt, but that is a detail). It was probably only bad luck that left the Caseys out of Burke's *Colonial Gentry*. Just as the Forrester had forsaken the Kirk for the Episcopalians, the Caseys had early on patronized their Roman Catholicism in favour of the Church of England. Casey, in other words, was a gentleman from birth and was educated at Melbourne Grammar School, Melbourne University and Cambridge. Like other wealthy pastoralists' sons, when war broke out in 1914 he was given a commission after donating his limousine to the army—the "automobile corps".

Although trained as an engineer Casey was well enough off to devote most of his time to public life with an almost patrician panache. He was never an ideological speaker nor a particularly dynamic party politician. Rather he displayed a well-bred diffidence about outright political ambition, which in the end deprived him of the prime ministership. It has also left his public image (by contrast with more colourful colleagues like R. G. Menzies and Arthur Fadden) rather grey. That remained the case even after Tom Hayden's recent ABC television film about a career which included an important spell as governor of Bengal (1944-46) and nine years as Minister for External Affairs, as well as a life peerage in 1960 (shades of Forrest) and autumnal years as governor-general of Australia (1965-69).

For Britain and America

The diaries, edited here by T. B. Millar, cover the years 1951-60 when Casey was in effect Australian Foreign Minister—and for a longer innings than any of his predecessors. It is probably still true, as he thought it was in 1952, that "we, in Australia, are living in a fool's paradise of ignorance about the East". His actions were inhibited in any case by his belief that Australia "could not afford to disgrace publicly with the Americans"—in contrast to the Canadians' relative casualness about doing so.

It is arguable, in fact, that Casey's policy of discreet dual solidarity with both the United States and the United Kingdom was not very effective on either side of the Atlantic. In June, 1954, he wrote:

"There is no prouder word than 'British' in the world's vocabulary", he told his diary in 1959, "nor do I believe there ever has been." But since the fall of Singapore it was no longer possible to rely on British naval or military protection, and Casey, who had been Australian Minister in the United States early in the war, seems to have enjoyed Washington almost as much as Westminster. Indeed, his diaries suggest not political schizophrenia, but positive pleasure in the co-existence of two allies to cultivate and even act as go-between for.

Anzias had already been negotiated by the time he took office, and he does not comment directly on the argument of the former secretary of the External Affairs Department, John Burton, that the price Australia paid for the treaty included the recognition of Communist China. Burton's successor, Sir Alan Watt, pooh-poohed the idea in *The Evolution of Australian Foreign Policy*, but Casey's diaries reveal that he was favourable to the idea of China joining the United Nations as early as 1951 and, though he backed the plan when he talked to Chou En-lai in June, 1954, in September of that year he was telling *Time* Life International executives that "it would be in the general interest to recognize Peking and get her into the United Nations". But there is

little evidence in the diaries that he persevered energetically with the task of converting the Americans, and one is left still wondering exactly what had been agreed at the signing of Anzias. (The memoirs of Casey's predecessor, Sir Percy Spender, did little to illuminate this, but the forthcoming memoirs of Sir Alan Watt may do so.)

One has the impression, too, that Dulles managed to dazzle or at least browbeat Casey, perhaps one of the few men to do so. And the diaries do not show how seriously or how soon Casey became infected with the anti-communist hysteria of the early 1950s. When Menzies introduced the anti-communist constitutional amendment bill in 1951, the only diary comment is: "There is no doubt that a democracy has to take unorthodox measures to defend itself against an enemy within its shores. A democracy tends to bug down in the coils of its own free institutions." Whether this was really all he had to say about one of the most repressive political measures in Australian history one cannot say, for the editor rarely reveals what he has omitted or where, although the original diary, we are told, totalled a million words.

Evidently Casey quickly came to believe that China was the most serious menace to the north of Australia, and he was no doubt justified in deploring Australian apathy about defence. But the query "And who is about to attack us?" which he quotes as evidence of this isolationism, seems, in the less torrid 1970s, a fair one. Though he took considerable pride in the development of Australian diplomatic initiative in Asia during the 1950s it is probably still true, as he thought it was in 1952, that "we, in Australia, are living in a fool's paradise of ignorance about the East". His actions were inhibited in any case by his belief that Australia "could not afford to disgrace publicly with the Americans"—in contrast to the Canadians' relative casualness about doing so.

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War story

G. DEBORIN:
Secrets of the Second World War
277pp. Moscow: Progress Publishers.
Distributed by Central Books. £1.

The Soviet view of the Second World War is little appreciated in the West. Behind the pointlessly sensational title of this work, G. Deborin presents an orderly and orthodox analysis of the origins and course of the war. The stress is, of course, on the achievements of the Red Army, which were indeed decisive in Europe. But the deprecation of Western contributions borders on absurdity. Two quotations will suffice to gauge the flavour of the book. Writing of the Battle of Britain, Mr Deborin says that "the Soviet Union saved England from invasion by just existing and strengthening its forces". Of the Soviet entry into the war against Japan he writes that "the Soviet Union was prompted by a vital and objective necessity" while the American imperialists were "trying to bring about atomic blackmail".

Such distortions should not be allowed to distract attention from some of the book's merits. It is well documented, though it reveals secrets. The sources are chiefly Soviet documents, not all of which will be well known in the West. Mr Deborin claims to refute, for instance, the Western allegation that in 1944 the Soviet high command abandoned the Warsaw rising to the false belief that it should be noted that the material help which he reports began only a few weeks after the start of the rising. Western sources are sparingly used, chiefly to cases where they serve to discredit Western leaders and policies. For the peoples of the imperious East, on the other hand, Mr Deborin has warm sympathy and admiration.

His book deserves study, if only to observe how wide is still the gap between Marxist and liberal conceptions of history. Its production is excellent, its translation meticulous and its price remarkably low.

tally excluded from British military planning as the Americans' humiliating blow to the policy by years after nearly half a century of intimate contacts. Later his objections did not deter Britain from selling Gannet aircraft to the Indonesians. "In the light of the recent Suez affair", he confided in 1957, "it may have been a good thing that the U.K. is not in Anzias" but even before Suez that had probably become the view of the British government.

Nor does Casey seem to have been much more influential in Washington. True, he had toured Asia delivering what he called "my Sermon on the Mount"—a eulogy of American policy in the region—and his suggestions occasional Australian influence in matters of detail. But what is more obvious is the dire risk Australia ran of being dragged to the heels of her American ally in her war with China over the offshore islands, and the United States' abandonment of the Australian line on West Irian (though it took place after Casey left office) showed the severe limitations of all those hours spent in humouring Dulles and Acheson. In retrospect Dr Burton's dire predictions about the effects of Anzias do not seem utter exaggerations.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, despite the Colombo Plan, that the Asians were not overly impressed by Australian foreign policy in the 1950s. Casey himself confessed under pressure to a West Bengal politician in 1953 that "probably the basic conception" of the Colombo Plan "was to help keep India, etc. from Communism", and the notion of using South-East Asia, whether Malaya or Vietnam, as a conveniently distant battlefield for Australian "forward defence" against the same communist menace clearly smacked strongly of narrow self-interest too. Nor does Casey seem to have been anxious to liberalize what Asians understandably regard as a racistist immigration policy. In 1972, despite or because of the Australian Leader of the Opposition's visit to China, Australia has still not established formal diplomatic relations with her largest neighbour, and did not vote for Chinese admission to the United Nations. Apparently the Australian government will be content to continue to trail at a safe distance behind Washington in that or any other direction.

Australian Foreign Minister is a fascinating source of contemporary history in which Casey's private impressions of many politicians around the world are distilled. More than his previous publications it should establish his real achievement as a clever and conscientious negotiator, but strictly it does not add up to a success-story. In Casey Australia had the benefit of an outstanding example of her anglicized gentry in politics; the 1970s will demand virtues of another kind.

Waiting for the call

GEORGE CATTIN:
For God's Sake Go
277pp. Gordons Cross: Colin Smythe. £5.

St George Cattin's career has been full and interesting, but a note of disappointment is unmistakable in his autobiography. He once admitted to two ambitions—to be in the Cabinet, or to write a book that will be read a century hence—but although impossible to be sure about the second, he now concludes that he "runs the great risk of doing neither the one nor the other". Curiously enough, he charges Harold Nicolson with silliness for cherishing almost the same ambitions: "His memoirs record that he felt he would be a contemporary Proust, and at the same time dreaming about being a Secretary of State." Like Nicolson again, he hoped in vain for a peerage. His parliamentary aspirations were even less successful. Though frequently on the front list for the Labour Party's nomination to different constituencies, he fought only one election, and never won a seat in the House of Commons. Much of his life has been spent awaiting the call, political or academic, which never came. "I would not want to spend my life looking over my shoulder for some odd 'knock' or 'pull'." Nevertheless, I had a sense of appalling isolation, of being a lonely one.

It is a revealing self-portrait; in which Sir George almost admits to being his own worst enemy. "Perhaps I was arrogant," he muses. "Many of his academic colleagues would not doubt agree, especially when he claims to be virtually the

Sense and sensibility

The Memoirs of Lord Gladwyn
C. W. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

It is perhaps not entirely by chance that Lord Gladwyn's definition of a diplomat is "a professional diplomat who is remarkably like a description of his own many-splendoured personality".

It is informed, agreeable and socially well characterised with a profound knowledge of his fellow man and a certain natural cunning, who knows exactly when to slip a word in edge-wise that will influence the mind either of his own chief or of the foreigner with whom he is negotiating.

Add to that a confident mastery of foreign languages, a mordant wit and a tranquil consciousness of one's own superiority and you have the archetypal Elton and Magdalen diplomat. You have, in fact, Lord Gladwyn.

His Memoirs will not please everyone—indeed it is possible without great difficulty to think of many whose blood pressure will rise to new and spectacular levels of hypertension as the saga unfolds. Lord Gladwyn does not often resist the temptation to say I told you so—

few words which have lost more friends than Lipton's soap has saved. In France, Germany, the United States, United Europe and the Western Alliance, his ideas, initially rejected, it seems, eventually become the established policy of governments; and although he disdains coincidence with discerning modesty—"Europe apart, I see on reflection that in the light of what actually happened, I was often only doubly right and sometimes clearly wrong"—many a professional callous and political collaborator will, on the first time, express the keen ambition to be, one day, as sure of anything as Lord Gladwyn is of anything.

To those, on the other hand, who find the given great pleasure and occasionally a delight that untiring malice. They are, unlike much of the current torrent of diplomatic and political reminiscence, tribune and civilized, the recollections of a

man of sense and sensibility, who delighted as much in a quotation from Corneille, a recital by Adia Pachidi or the witicism of Logan Pearsall Smith as he did in a well-timed minute or a successful negotiating coup; a man who chose Persia as his first overseas post having been offered Washington, the plum of the Diplomatic Corps; a man whose facility for languages is prodigious—a gift which leads him sometimes into that harmless but contrived affectation of the Foreign Service—the intrusive Gallicism. Most of Lord Gladwyn's readers will know what he means by *delirare, courir, and chourmer*; but dedication, passion and chestnut tree would have described him with equal precision. His wit ranges from the faintly Rubensian to the delicately ironic; yet at times he can seem surprisingly resistant to the humour of others. Describing a banquet with the Russians at the Beau Rivage Hotel in Geneva, he relates how he invited Molotov's attention to the candles in the priceless candelabra. To his disgust Molotov's only comment was "In Moscow, we have electric light."

For the student of politics and diplomacy there is much of absorbing interest. His relationship with General de Gaulle was obviously close and affectionate and his advice to the Government after a long meeting with the French President in September, 1964 displays an impressive insight into the complex *Gaulliste* psychology. It is not inconceivable that this was due in some measure to what Lord Gladwyn describes as de Gaulle's contempt of any opposition, and a certain natural arrogance. "I was", he observes, "really rather fond of him."

Even more interesting than the great figures of recent history who appear, often as familiar acquaintances in Lord Gladwyn's work—Beveridge, Churchill, Monnet, Spaak—are his views on the principles and techniques of foreign policy-making and diplomacy. He strikes an interesting, and surely important, distinction between "advisers" and "operators" in the Foreign Service. Advisers are those who chiefly seek to influence their masters by the exercise

of the written word, men like Sir Eyre Crowe whose memoranda on the principles of British foreign policy did so much, in Lord Gladwyn's view, to influence the Government immediately before the First World War.

Operators are the tough, sensible men of the world, the *entrepreneurs* who need not have any fixed political principles and who indeed are likely to operate more successfully if they have none. In this category Lord Gladwyn places Lord Tyrrell, who hardly ever recorded his views on paper, and, among his own contemporaries, Christopher Soames. In principle, he concludes, operators ought to be in the field and advisers in the Office—an arrangement which, followed to its logical end, would require the Service to revert to the original division, before its unification after the First World War, between the Foreign Office "grubs" and the Diplomatic "butterflies".

For Prime Ministers too, and perhaps for Presidents, Lord Gladwyn has some cogent advice. Describing the conflict between the Foreign Office and 10 Downing Street over British policy towards Germany at the time of Munich, he comments on the role of Horace Wilson and concludes:

What cannot be justified is the insistence in No. 10 of a small machine which sets completely independently of, and quite often at variance with, the official machine, including its representative in the Cabinet. . . . A Prime Minister running Foreign Policy through the medium of an *influence* *grise* is a recipe for disaster.

There is, as one might expect, a great deal about the European idea—almost all of it perceptive and far-sighted; Lord Gladwyn has, understandably, been confirmed in the validity and rectitude of his position by two unsolicited but priceless tributes—one from the *Sunday Express* which proclaimed him Public Enemy Number One; and one from Enoch Powell which cancelled a luncheon appointment at the last moment on the grounds (expressed by his secretary on the telephone) that Mr Powell "could no longer afford to be seen with Lord Gladwyn in public". After all those years of iconoclasm, respectability at last.

second founder (after Hubbes) of political science in the English language and to have done it in collaboration with an American, Harold Lasswell. Clearly he did not get on well with British academics, especially those at the London School of Economics and Political Science, who thought they had done the same thing. Though he held professorial posts in North America, he never attained a chair in his own country, and was rejected by both Oxford and Cambridge. The probability is that what counted against him was not his background in the United States so much as his reputation for political activism. Of this he could make no secret, nor wanted to: "Always I preferred action to words or writing." Characteristically, his outstanding achievement in the intellectual life of his own country was to be the first progenitor of the University of the Air, which later became the Open University.

Certainly his life was full of activity. He served as an infantryman in the First World War, and was torpedoed in the Atlantic during the Second. He was in Moscow with Lord Lawrence in India with Field-Marshal Lawrence in 1946, though on both occasions in an unofficial capacity. He was an eyewitness of the Reichstag Fire trial and the Spanish Civil War. He left his mark on American history by advising on the constitutional amendment which ended Prohibition, and by influencing the Republican candidate in the presidential election of 1940, Woodrow Wilson, to support Roosevelt in sending destroyers to Britain. This was a fulfilment of one of his three chief concerns in life, which was to contribute to the development of the Atlantic Community. (The other two



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Doing things to the body

JAMES C. FARIS:
Nuba Personal Art
131pp including 52 black-and-white plates plus 28 colour plates. £4.95.

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208pp including 84 black-and-white plates plus 31 colour plates. £4.50.

MARIAN WENZEL:
House Decoration in Nubia
227pp including 90 black-and-white plates plus 21 colour plates. £5.95.
Duckworth.

"Primitive art" usually brings to mind certain types of art objects, such as statues, masks, wall-paintings. But writers on the subject have almost totally neglected another important art-form among "primitive" peoples: personal decoration. It is a real breakthrough therefore to have two detailed studies of this neglected medium: one on self-decoration by the Nuba (Sudan) and another of self-decoration in Mount Hagen (New Guinea). Two more diverse societies and concepts of self-decoration could hardly be found, as even a superficial look at the photographs in both volumes will confirm.

The Nuba have a superb aesthetic sense. They paint the bare body, which is shaved and oiled, and they use a minimum of other decorations. Their colours are restricted to black, white, grey, yellow and red ochre, with a rare touch of blue. The colours are derived from clays. The purpose of the painting is not ritual or symbolic, but purely aesthetic. The Nuba value a beautiful and healthy body, and the painting is used to display it. People with sores or malformed limbs will not paint themselves and will hide their imperfections with clothing. Although some of the total body designs may represent animals, the designs are almost always totally abstract, and James C. Faris explains that the animal motifs are chosen arbitrarily and have no magical or totemic significance. Nuba design is striking for its absolute purity, its restraint and balance, its respect for the shapes of the human body. The Nuba are enthusiastic decorators; they repaint their bodies daily, and some young men will paint themselves twice a day.

The immediate impression given by the decorations of the people of Mount Hagen is a very different one. Here the body is not displayed but disguised. Face and body painting form only part of an elaborate process of decoration which involves such diverse elements as wigs, feather decorations, shell decorations and string capes. On important occasions the body is heavily covered with complex arrangements of such decorations, with the result that the identity of the wearer is virtually disguised. For the Western observer these decorations seem other-worldly, but we learn from Andrew and Marilyn Strathern that their significance is in fact social rather than religious. The Hagens use much brighter colours than the Nuba and make use of stronger contrasts.

Mr Faris reports that the colour symbolism found in certain parts of Central Africa is absent among the Nuba. The Hagens on the other hand make important distinctions between bright and dark designs. Bright colours are worn to attract the opposite sex, to attract wealth, or to express a feeling of well-being (for example, when a warrior has accomplished a feat of "pay back"). White is worn by performers in the female spirit cult, wearers being instructed by ritual experts on such occasions. The use of black suggests poison and animosity and aggressiveness. It is said to make a man look bigger and more frightening, and it is used when going to war. Darkness as an overall effect of decoration is considered good for a man, because it suggests that his ancestors have come to support him.

The aesthetic rather than symbolic value of colours in Nuba thinking is highlighted by their colour terminology. In trying to elicit colour definitions from the Nuba Mr Faris was often given terms describing textures or degrees of brightness rather than colour in our sense. Water, for example, is not described by the colour it reflects but by its brilliance. The colour of a dry leaf was described as "crisp" and "hardened". The colour of a black hull with a white mark on its forehead was described as "lightening".

The Hagens use colours and other decorations not to submerge the personality but rather to enhance it. This is not representational art, like

a mask. The aim of decoration is not "impersonation of some other identity, but the aggrandizement of the wearer's own".

The decorations attributed to the wearer on important state feasts are appropriate in a certain role. Donors decorate themselves lavishly, because they are supposed to be triumphant in celebrating success. Warriors cover themselves with dark charcoal to make themselves terrifying and to increase their aggressive confidence.

These two books open up a whole range of aesthetic experience. The work done by the authors is particularly important because of the ephemeral nature of the art, and because social and political pressures are likely to bring such art forms to a sudden end. Both volumes are scholarly, highly informative and beautifully produced. There is, however, one criticism to make. Though they appear in a series entitled "Art and Society", neither volume really succeeds in conveying the atmosphere of these societies for the vast majority of their readers who have never had the opportunity of being near them. It would be easier to appreciate the body designs if we were given some impression of what a Hagen pig feast is really like, or of the atmosphere of a Nuba wedding match. Such descriptive writing is always eschewed by anthropologists, presumably as unscientific, but unless anthropologists are prepared occa-

sionally to adopt such an approach they will continue to write for a closed professional circle. Marian Wenzel's contribution to the same series describes an art form that had never been studied before and can never be studied again. For the houses whose decorations form the subject-matter of *House Decoration in Nubia* were largely destroyed by the flooding of the Aswan Dam in 1964.

Looking at the sophisticated, complex and varied patterns of house decoration in these photographs, one would assume an art form evolved over many centuries. However, Miss Wenzel gives us the surprising information that this style of house decoration began only in the 1920s and that it has not been continued after the people had been resettled.

The Nubians are a non-Arab, partly negroid people. Nubia was Christianized in the sixth century and remained Christian for 800 years. Although the Nubians have been Islamized for some five hundred years, the last for representational art acquired in Christian times survived, and some decorations appear even to have ancient Christian roots.

The system of house decoration here described consists of mud relief applied to the walls, particularly around the doorways. These ornaments came into general use about 1927, but other kinds of house decoration existed earlier. These were

mainly of objects hung upon the walls in decorative patterns. For example, mats and basket lids used during a wedding; bows suspended on strings from the ceiling to keep out insects; and various objects to keep away the evil eye.

Before professional artists were employed to decorate houses in mud relief this was a family art form. Men, women and boys all participated, but each group tended to specialize in different motifs. Men painted flags, stars, crescents, animals, boats and pin-up girls. Boys painted domestic animals and some wild animals and fish.

The technique of mud relief decoration is said to have been invented by one man, Ahmed Batoul, though two other decorators have also claimed that they invented the style. Batoul held an insignificant job as a builder's assistant, whose task was to smooth the surface of a newly built house.

The decorations are immensely lavish. Though Islamic in character and mostly abstract, they include a number of figurative motifs, mainly lions with swords, birds, crocodiles and occasionally hunters. One of the most intriguing recurring motifs consists of a dome, flanked by horses and superimposed by a crescent on a staff. The author traces this back to the crown of the Christian Eparch of Nubia, and even further back to ancient Egyptian symbols.

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No all the invocations of a future yet to be revealed by uniling theory and practice are equally exposed. The writer of the section on mathematics, for example, salutes the only with a loud but despairing Amen. He points out that his lions with swords, birds, crocodiles and occasionally hunters. One of the most intriguing recurring motifs consists of a dome, flanked by horses and superimposed by a crescent on a staff. The author traces this back to the crown of the Christian Eparch of Nubia, and even further back to ancient Egyptian symbols.

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The style of these pieces is brusque, contemptuous and authoritarian, and is designed to indicate that the authors know the truth and are tough revolutionaries devoid of liberal sentimentalities. Occasionally, this is eroded somewhat by a rather adolescent puritanism about "teacher", as in David Adelman's attack on R. S. Peters. But in the "ur" contributions the attack on teacher is more relaxed and amusing. Robbie Gray complains that many a good Marxist conceptual framework has been wrecked by surplus information deployed by academic historians, and he is plainly bored by those who use Marxism as an excuse for not studying history. Joe Spriggs's vigorous caricature of the approved criteria of response in English departments is hardly fair but not unrecognizable, and his remarks about progressive methods of assessment are little short of just. Mr Spriggs is definitely a card-carrying member of the human race.

One of the persistent paradoxes of student radicalism is its avoidance of substantive issues and the challenge of concrete material by taking refuge either in extreme scepticism or religious ecstacy. This manifesto does both: it hangs dogmatically over the abyss of scepticism.

How to get on

DAVID HARGREAVES:
Interpersonal Relations and Education
46pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 62s.

David Hargreaves examines three important areas of personal interaction in education: teacher/pupil, teacher/teacher, and head-teacher/teacher. He has actually taught, so his analysis of these relationships is based on experience. He claims that "there has been no systematic research into teacher/teacher relationships". He comments on teachers' resistance to such studies, and although for this reason he has only made a beginning his findings should be of special interest and encouragement to all trainee and probationary teachers, who will know and understand the kind of opposition they will face from many of the older teachers—"there are too many grammars and band-wagons to education at the present time. My methods are well tried and tested and I shall stick to them."

Mr Hargreaves's whole attitude to relationships in schools is one calculated, as he hopes, to boost a young teacher's "fading idealism" and may disturb some taken-for-granted assumptions. On staff relationships his observations seem particularly acute, and his descriptions of the kind of social intercourse and conversation he has experienced in staff-rooms are, alas, too unique.

Like in the staffroom and its impact upon the teacher constitutes one of the most significant gaps in our knowledge of social processes within the school. This is particularly true with respect to a teacher's conception of himself, as a teacher is most firmly defined in relation to his colleagues.

Mr Hargreaves points to the harm done in this situation by older teachers who, by their irrepressible enthusiasm of some students and their experienced colleagues as a sign of their professional immaturity which time will soothe. When Mr Hargreaves reaches head-teacher/teacher relationships,

his analysis of how these work makes highly entertaining reading. He considers the relationship as comparable to the "pleasing teacher phenomenon" which he has already noted in his chapter on teacher/pupil relationships. He postulates three laws as operating in the larger schools. Perfect obedience to these laws should lead to various forms of promotion. No matter that the promoted teacher has no special qualifications, he has caught the eye or ear of the head-teacher.

This book is far more than an analysis of interpersonal relationships in education. It contains quite the best analysis of the problem of class discipline—the best practical assistance for the beginner—available. It is to be hoped that it will have a wide circulation not only among teachers but among members of LEAs, directors of education, those responsible for the appointment of teachers and, more especially, head-teachers. It just might stimulate a much-needed reform in the methods of selection of head-teachers, the qualifications of those making the selection, and in the care of young teachers, especially in their probationary year. Two suggestions: remove all diagrams and provide a more adequate index.

P. B. de Maré's Perspectives in Group Psychotherapy (208pp. Allen and Unwin, £3.50) is no more than its subtitle says it is, a theoretical, interpersonal and conversational he has experienced in staff-rooms are, alas, too unique.

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David Maclellan, R.A., *Portrait of William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.*, 21, by 17 1/2 ins. From the Collection of Harrison Ainsworth and thence by descent to the present owner. Exhibited: Royal Academy 1844, No. 9. The subject was engraved as a frontispiece for Ainsworth's *Nottingham*, 1844. See S. M. Ellis: *William Harrison Ainsworth and his friends*, 1911, Column 2, p. 74.

Neo-classicism's theorist

Winckelmann: Writings on Art

Edited by David Irwin

166pp plus 24 plates. Phaidon. £3.50.

The importance of Winckelmann is undoubted, and he is widely acknowledged to be a fascinating figure. But he is not widely read, nor is his importance easy to define. His original contributions to art history are less valuable (than those of lesser men, before and after him. His theoretical writings are not, in the last analysis, rigorous enough to be an instrument of study for anything but the cultural history of the eighteenth century. Even his great influence was not prolonged: the Roman observations on which it was based were overwhelmed by the rich Greek material that came to light after his death. Yet there is a touch of genius about Winckelmann and one can see in him what it was. In Europe that became incandescent in the presence of antique art. The Renaissance was not continuous, but every generation constituted a different element, a different mixture of light and darkness. Winckelmann lived at a time when classical art was spreading like a religion, when neo-classicism was entering its great period, and before that seed of death which is always present in connoisseurship had sprouted; and it was he who first interpreted an age of history as a style.

David Irwin has already written quite well about neo-classicism, and here, with a rather patchy historical introduction, essay and a handful of illustrations, he presents a selection from Winckelmann's writings. The essay is sometimes too sketchy, and limps for lack of sufficient footnotes, but it contains plenty of essential information. Still, it is too easy, say, to contrast Blake with a classicizing, reasoning, learned art; he was, after all, one of the engravers of Stuart and Revett, and his relations with Thomas Taylor are important. In the summary discussion of early collectors, the Arundel marbles, and those at Wilton deserve a phrase, and if one is giving a list of influential books, then it ought to be said of Robert Sayer that his usefulness was limited. As for the tradition of preference Greek things to Roman, the academic world was not unanimous until the seventeenth century; it is relevant to mention also that the poet Horace's last ditch defence of Rome against Greece.

which Professor Irwin concisely outlines, was less of a paradox in Italy than it would have been elsewhere.

These are more the notes of an avid reader. One wants continually to argue with Professor Irwin, since his introduction, more popular than authoritative, is in the highest degree provocative. There is something curiously neo-classic about it. Winckelmann himself had a strong wit and a formidable sense of written style. When he speaks of rules and methods he is ridiculous, and he can even talk of "erroneous conceptions of beauty" with the flat dogmatism of a second-rate schoolmaster. But there are excellent sentences: "It is an abhorrence of barrenness that fills walls and rooms; and pictures void of thought must supply the vacuum"; "Art has surely had its Nicanor and its Aratus"; "It was in his own mind the artist was in search for the strength of spirit with which he marked his marble." It will be seen that with this theorist neo-classicism and the core of romanticism are one, and this is part of Winckelmann's importance. If nothing else he was a sensitive and articulate connoisseur of his time. His taste was not original, his range was not vast, his intellectual level was that of a television personality.

One ought not to take him too seriously except as typical, just as one should not necessarily be misled

Portal remains

Richard Krautheimer

Gibbert's Bronze Doors

Unnumbered pages. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3.60.

This volume consists of plates excised from the second edition of Richard Krautheimer's monograph on Gibbert, with the addition of a nine-page preface and four low-quality coloured illustrations. Though the names both of the author and the publisher might in themselves appear to guarantee some measure of seriousness, it is a frankly commercial publication, and the preface in particular does not reflect the very high standard of the chapters devoted to Gibbert's two bronze doors in Professor Krautheimer's great book.

If the text were read literally (and this can scarcely be intended), it would imply that at certain points

by the weighty and epigrammatic judgments of Gibbert. Winckelmann can be impressive and foolish in the same sentence.

Arts have their infancy as well as men; they begin as well as the artist, with truth and honesty: in such business the sense of Aeschylus, and part of the diction in his Agamemnon is not loaded with hyperbole than all Hesiod's nonsense. Perhaps the primitive Greek painters drew in the same manner that their first great tragedian thought in.

Indeed they did. But their art was distant from the salon conversation of eighteenth-century cultural life. As an introduction to Winckelmann this book will be useful, but the selections as well as the introduction, let alone the illustrations, should have been very much fuller. It is to be hoped that having now twice introduced us to fascinating subjects in which he is obviously at odd, Professor Irwin will go on to discuss them on the fullest scale. Winckelmann merits such a task only because of his fame and influence, and for a certain touch in his sense of what one might forgive him for greatness. Yes, it may be that scholars capable of mastering the wide perspective in which he should be seen will be repelled by a stubborn superficiality which, like his brilliance and his success.

Professor Krautheimer's earlier observations have been revised. Thus the read of the Portal de Paraiso that the old man himself still designed the layout of most of the panels. He has modelled in wax with his own hand the bust of the figures: "Even today towards the Lord; the four women of the story of Jacob and Esau; the distribution of the grain, to the right of the Joseph panel. But a goodly number of subordinate scenes was entrusted to assistants."

This adumbrates an altogether different view of the method of production of the second bronze door, and of Gibbert's share in its execution from that outlined previously. Tourists in Florence may buy *Gibbert's Bronze Doors* as a memento of their visit to the Bargello, but Professor Krautheimer's book, by its title, is intended to be a book that will deplore his association with the book.

Meta-dogmatists

DEYOR PATEMAN (Editor):
Counter Course—A Handbook for Career Criticism
198pp. Penguin. Paperback, 75p.

Counter Course is all counter and no course. It illustrates the fashionable and to metaphysical critics of the objectivity of our knowledge, especially our social knowledge, with a sustained reference to substantive criticism. The characteristic contrapuntal style of the book is a mixture of theory and practice. These references do not explode into a mere list of references to the work of theory and practice. They merely hint that to those who are seeking in a revolutionary manner the right social perspective there will be given the precious truth which the writers of *Counter Course* have been privileged to glimpse from afar.

No all the invocations of a future yet to be revealed by uniling theory and practice are equally exposed. The writer of the section on mathematics, for example, salutes the only with a loud but despairing Amen. He points out that his lions with swords, birds, crocodiles and occasionally hunters. One of the most intriguing recurring motifs consists of a dome, flanked by horses and superimposed by a crescent on a staff. The author traces this back to the crown of the Christian Eparch of Nubia, and even further back to ancient Egyptian symbols.

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The style of these pieces is brusque, contemptuous and authoritarian, and is designed to indicate that the authors know the truth and are tough revolutionaries devoid of liberal sentimentalities. Occasionally, this is eroded somewhat by a rather adolescent puritanism about

newies were not appeared. Nothing less than annihilation would satisfy them; and meantime the hearings could be used for ridicule or publicity by the left. After the Chicago police-riot of 1968 the Committee was rash enough to summon leaders of the youth movement before it. It was treated to hours of eloquence, all the more unendurable for being sensible and well-informed. No wonder Ronnie Davis could say: "I have not found this a complete drag"; and no wonder Mr Bentley ends his book at this point. The Committee seems to be a spent force.

The presentation is worthy of the story. Out of hundreds of pages of dialogue scarcely any are dull. Forty-seven men and women follow each other on and off the stage, and the succession of their voices builds up a dramatic music not unlike that of *The Waste Land*. Here too the voices paint a picture of general desolation. Some are brave, some are craven, some are noble, some are base, and a surprising number manage to be funny, among them Lionel Stander, who exhausts the Committee by a torrent of indignant verbiage. The total effect is deeply saddening. True, the victims are topsides by the end of the play, but in the meantime so much harm has been done. It is impossible to summon up much indignation: the spectacle is too serious for cheap emotion. Even the infinitely little, malignant witch-hunters of the Committee are seen to be human in their wrongdoing, and so win a sympathy they sorely deserve. They are even comic, like Richard Arens, counsel for the Committee in the late 1950s, an especially odious and high-handed inquisitor, who drips catchphrases: "Your point of view at that time, madam, Doctor, is that Red China, Communist-controlled, atheistic, godless China, should be admitted into the council of nations of the world in the United Nations?" It is like Mrs Micawber, and, in view of recent

events, looks particularly silly. Poor man: hateful though it was to be his victim, it must be still worse to be Mr Arens.

The chief dramatic interest is necessarily in the witnesses, for they tell most of the tale. They reveal themselves and the issues (Mr Bentley assisting with astonishing clarity. Certain conclusions fairly force themselves on the audience. For example, it is apparent that anyone who let himself be brainwashed or browbeaten into publicly naming suspected communists did very badly. Mr Bentley spares us the professional informers, but clearly some of his witnesses who collaborated most eagerly with the Committee did so solely to protect their jobs and incomes. They protested too much. By comparison, the testimony of sincere anti-communists is almost refreshing, as when Adolphe Menjou says, "I am a witch-hunter if the witness are Communists. I am a Red-baiter. I make no bones about it whatsoever. Much more amusing is Jerome Robbins, who left the party largely because of its philistine view, but in front of the Committee, in which he named eight former associates, insisted on the Americanism of his art and listened without protest to Congressman Doyle's admonition:

You are in a wonderful place, through your art, your music, your talent, which God blessed you with, to perhaps be the most human in their wrongdoing, and so win a sympathy they sorely deserve. They are even comic, like Richard Arens, counsel for the Committee in the late 1950s, an especially odious and high-handed inquisitor, who drips catchphrases: "Your point of view at that time, madam, Doctor, is that Red China, Communist-controlled, atheistic, godless China, should be admitted into the council of nations of the world in the United Nations?" It is like Mrs Micawber, and, in view of recent

Just as bad is Professor Daniel Boorstin. After conceding that while he was a communist the party made no attempt to influence his teaching at Harvard, he asserts that "a member of the Communist Party should not be employed by a university. I would not hire such a person if I were a university president." His testimony vividly shows why the great universities of America were so helpless before the witch-hunters—almost as helpless as Hollywood. Their intellectual and moral standards were often dreadfully debased.

Fortunately some of the witnesses kept their heads and their honour. Arthur Garfield Hays, general counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, told the Committee a great

many truths that it would have done well to heed. So did Merrell Brecht, in a noble written statement which Chairman Parnell Lillian Hellman behaved with the greatest sense, eloquence, and dignity in her refusal to play the Committee's game: "To hurt innocent people whom I knew many years ago in order to save myself is to me, inhuman and ineffectual and dishonourable. I cannot and will not cut my conscience to fit this year's fashions." Miss Hellman, and the handful like her, keep the audience's faith in human possibilities alive.

Annuling the First Amendment

The most poignant sessions are those where the witness is less than heroic but more than base: an ordinary man, who, if he were luckier, would be in the audience and not on stage. Thus Larry Parks must surely win our sympathy, for though he did badly, it is very hard to be sure that we would have done better. Mr Parks, a movie actor, joined the party in 1941, and dropped out in 1943. When the Committee came to Hollywood, Mr Parks was one of those who rallied on the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of speech and assembly to protect him; he kept silent about his past. Unhappily, the courts did not vindicate this reliance, and not Mr Parks, in order to save his career, was brought before the Committee to tell all. He talked of himself with great frankness, but more was exacted of him: he was required to name names. In vain he protested:

You know as well as I, even better, that I know nothing that would be of great service to this country. I think my career has been ruined because of this, and I would appreciate not having to—Don't present me with the choice of either being in contempt of this Committee and going to jail or forcing me to really cry. For what purpose? I don't think this is a choice at all. I don't think this is really spontaneous. I don't think this is American. I don't think this is American justice. I think to do something like this is more akin to what happened under Hitler and what is happening in Russia today.

The Committee agreed to hear him in secret session, but he had to tell all, or condemn his wife and children to penury, himself, probably, to pri-

son. It is really no wonder that thereafter, bearing the load of self-contempt and the contempt of others, he managed to persuade himself that he had been right, that patriotism had necessitated personal treachery. But as Mr Bentley points out, another actor, Sterling Hayden, who testified willingly, later regretted his action bitterly, writing a mock letter to his psychiatrist:

If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have turned into a stoolie for J. Edgar Hoover. I don't think you have the foggiest notion of the contempt I have had for myself since the day I did that thing...

A body which could poison lives in this way needs every shred of justification it can get. Yet the conspiracy it pursued was dead; the statute books were loaded with anti-communist laws which the courts and the FBI were only too eager to enforce. The Committee's labours were by any standard unnecessary, unless it is necessary to drum up public hysteria. Even if there had been a dangerous conspiracy its activities could not have been justified. For in the name of emergency the Committee brushed aside honour and the First Amendment, and when witnesses began to invoke the Fifth Amendment, guaranteeing that no person "shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law", this was invariably construed as a confession of guilt. The American Federation of Television and Radio Artists actually assumed the power to expel any member who invoked the Fifth Amendment at a congressional hearing. A more blatant perversion of the Bill of Rights cannot be imagined, nor a more forceful demonstration that constitutional guarantees are effective only when effectively supported by opinion. But Americans rely on their Constitution to protect their liberties, so its guarantees must be absolute, even, indeed especially, in times of emergency. For otherwise, as the story of HUAC shows, they offer no shelter at all.

It remains only to consider the significance of this sorry story, as Mr Bentley tells it. Above all it is a matter of the human cost of history that he brings out so vividly. Between the bad faith of the committee and the bad faith of the Committee—the reek of cynicism was never far away—individuals, innocent of everything but human weakness, suffered grievously. They were the victims of a doctrine which taught that ends justify means: their fate persuades us again that the end of such politics is too high. It is a lesson we always need to be reminded of. So, even though HUAC is enfeebled, its story is still of urgent importance, and Mr Bentley has put us all in his debt by dramatizing it.

ure of meeting former Chairman Thomas as a fellow-inmate (the book has been sent down for embarking on public funds). Democracies are ways wrong to fight dictatorship with dirty weapons.

All the same, the Committee could never have been so effective but for its many accomplices. Mr Bentley points to its close association with the FBI. He might also have pointed to its association with the most reactionary elements in American life. It is noteworthy that the Committee was at its worst during the only two winters after the Second World War, when the Republicans controlled Congress.

The chief legislative monument of the 1947-49 Congress was the Taft-Hartley labour act: it is no coincidence that the committee at that time descended on Hollywood, sending HUAC knew how to exploit a widespread suspicion of "eggheads" and through its attacks on intellectuals prime specimen of its techniques. Mr Nixon's review of Whitaker Chambers's *Witness*, reprinted by Bentley, knew how to exploit the thinking popular nationalism which in the late 1960s, it resuscitated the movement. It regularly, throughout thirty years, trampled on civil liberties, because too many Americans were happy that it should do so; this was the heir, and no doubt the predecessor, of many similar illiberal groups. The ease with which Americans such means that ultimately the people must take the blame for what went wrong. They are the crowd of Mr Bentley's drama, potent, though offstage.

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The Committee was not a court, and the actions it investigated were not crimes; but it used its authority to ruin those who admitted to those actions, and it sent many of those who did not to prison, where one of them, Ring Lardner Jr, had the pleas-

A life of real learning

G.L.S. FIFOOT:

Frederic William Maitland: A Life by John G. Elliott. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press, 1971.

Many books by dons about dons are glibly dismissive, pawky, or plain dull. This one is different: it is irrefragable with the almost magical charm of Maitland's personality. He was a man of such grace, and wit, and intellectual power that he was hardly capable of writing a dull sentence. He asked on some of the toughest, most raw material imaginable for a scholar, from which he distilled science, from which he distilled science, of precise, polite, irresistible proof that things people had for long ages believed to be true were false. He was always careful to be fair to his predecessors; did not score cheap points nor make unfounded accusations of bias; but could not abide loose thinking.

As an undergraduate, he had been captivated by the teaching method of Henry Sidgwick, into one of whose philosophy classes he accidentally strayed. "However small the class might be, Sidgwick always gave us his very best; not what might be good enough for undergraduates or what might serve for temporary purposes, but the complex truth just as he saw it." Maitland tried never to do anything that was second-rate; and enriched the world of learning accordingly. In this book, we are not taken through many of the legal or historical tangles which he unravelled, though enough is said to explain where the professional importance of his work lay and lies.

Instead, C. H. S. Fifoot shows us Maitland as a man; husband of a beautiful sister of H. A. L. Fisher, father of two distinguished daughters—one of whom has provided many telling recollections—and a humble, humorous, utterly engaging character. Anyone who can write as he did "the correction of my blunders is to me a pleasure"; anyone who can reply to Lord Acton's invitation to write the Cambridge Modern History chapter on the Angevin settlement, "you cannot know the depth of my ignorance. I have hardly so much as heard that there

this chair, against the invasions of ill health, till he died.

As he once wrote to his sister: One still has to do for legal history something like the work S.R.M. did for ecclesiastical history: to teach them, e.g., the same statement about the thirteenth century does not become true because it has been constantly repeated, that a 'chain of testimony' is never stronger than its first link.

Of one of his grandfather's books he said, in the same letter, "It is a book which 'renders impossible' a whole class of existing books. I don't mean physically impossible—men will go on writing books of that class—but henceforth they will not be taken for great historians." His own achievements were in the same vein, of precise, polite, irresistible proof that things people had for long ages believed to be true were false. He was always careful to be fair to his predecessors; did not score cheap points nor make unfounded accusations of bias; but could not abide loose thinking.

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Flaubert as an uncle

LUCIE CHEVALLEY-SABATIER: Gustave Flaubert et sa nièce Caroline. 221 pp. Paris: La Pensée Universelle, 1970.

It was Lucie Chevalley-Sabatier who a few years ago provided us with the touching *Journal intime* that Flaubert kept when he was eighteen and nineteen. She is the niece of Flaubert's niece Caroline Hamard (Mme Franklin Groult), and as a young woman had transcribed the manuscript of the *Journal intime* for her aunt while staying with her at her Villa Taillat in Antibes. In those days the Villa Taillat was something of a Flaubert shrine. Mme Franklin Groult having inherited all her uncle's papers; and it was following her death that these were dispersed—the manuscripts of the novels and correspondence by legacy to various French libraries, but the rest, lazily, partly by auction, with the result that many an interesting item, known to exist (including the original, pre-transcription *Journal intime* itself), cannot today be traced.

Mme Chevalley-Sabatier's present work is an affectionate biography, an effort, well worthy of respect, to present what she sees as her aunt's true personality. Mme Franklin Groult has long been described by writers on Flaubert as a niece both ungrateful and rapacious, who after being affectionately brought up by Flaubert and his mother (her father died following her birth, and her father was a mental case), refused her uncle's financial aid in an attempt to save off the bankruptcy of her first husband, Ernest Commanville, caused Flaubert to break with old friends and turned his last years into a misery.

Much of that did, in fact, take place; but in Mme Chevalley-Sabatier's book, which is drawn in part from her aunt's unpublished memoirs, a manuscript entitled "Heures d'utrofit", we see Caroline as a girl of passion and spirit, shackled by stiff bourgeois convention in an uncle, Flaubert, in all the arch-enemy of the bourgeoisie, could himself be an arch-bourgeois, forced, in a sense tricked, into a loveless marriage with a bourgeois who was something of a fraud as well as a poor provider, and finding happiness only in a series of platonic attachments—among them one with a cultivated priest—and, after some years of widowhood, in marriage with a man who had adored her

was a Queen Elizabeth", warns the hearts of lesser scholars, and cannot be a Dryad. Nor had Maitland the scavenging instincts of a Smell-fungus; that was not the sort of man he had been brought up to be. He liked to spend vacations at a small house of his sister's in Gloucestershire. Once a level magdale's wife paid her call and left that she should explain why this was so belated. She had known that Maitland was a professor, but had thought him to be nothing more. Looking round the small drawing room she said: "You see, University men so often marry back into the class from which they sprang. I did not realize that you were a landowner."

Unfortunately the climate of Cambridge was too severe for his weak lungs, and from 1898 he had to winter in the Canaries; where he died of pneumonia, in December, 1906.

His biographer had previously edited Maitland's letters, and knows his importance for lawyers and historians; through working on him he became captivated by his personality; and he has written this book in part on the delight of knowing him.

During the preparation of Flaubert's correspondence for publication, the censorship and other forms of scholarly henky-panky perpetrated by Mme Franklin Groult and her co-editor Louis Bertrand were considerable; and only in the forthcoming Pléiade edition will the great letters be printed in Flaubert's full language. In other respects, too, the lady cannot win our full admiration, despite Mme Chevalley-Sabatier's generous efforts. But one sees, as one had not seen before, the extent to which those early years at Croisset had been warped; and if she did not turn out to be one of her uncle's most successful creations, she did possess—especially as revealed in Willa Cather's celebrated essay, "A Chance Meeting"—a certain Flaubertian culture and allure: as a second-time widow she became a *grande dame*. Her great distinction, though, remains what it always has been: the immortality she achieved, as a child and younger woman, in the enchanting pages of her uncle's *Journal intime*. There is a sympathetic preface by Jean Bruneau.

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All this cross-hatching of opinion between churches, familiar to us now, was hardly recognized a century ago: it seemed impossible that theological divisions could run across rather than along the boundaries historically set between different Christian bodies. There is therefore great interest in following this controversy, through letters, between the principals, to friends, and to inquiring strangers. Newman's *Apologia* had won him such standing with his countrymen and people of all persuasions that none felt they could write to him and get an honest and considered opinion.

Again in 1866 there was a second plan for an Oration in Oxford to fulfil the function of a modern chapel, and Newman was sorry to find Pusey very much against it, though he himself had many reservations against returning to that beloved battlefield. In the event this project too was crushed by those Catholics of Manning's party who regarded Newman's influence with the utmost suspicion, just because it was sympathetic to Anglican tradition. The full force of the papalist campaign was still gathering and the storm would blow hardest in the next few years: so that the next volumes of this series should be the most interesting of all.

The book sold 2,000 copies in a fortnight and went into a second edition at once. Neither Anglo-Catholics nor Protestants were nearly so outraged as Ward and Manning and their ultramontane friends. So great a dust was raised behind the scenes that Newman gave up all thought of writing on Pusey's other main subject, the question of infallibility. He was to deal with this after the Council of 1875, in his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, which likewise performed an ecclesiastical task in discounting the exaggerations of a party within the Church, while upholding the authentic tradition.

newies were not appeared. Nothing less than annihilation would satisfy them; and meantime the hearings could be used for ridicule or publicity by the left. After the Chicago police-riot of 1968 the Committee was rash enough to summon leaders of the youth movement before it. It was treated to hours of eloquence, all the more unendurable for being sensible and well-informed. No wonder Ronnie Davis could say: "I have not found this a complete drag"; and no wonder Mr Bentley ends his book at this point. The Committee seems to be a spent force.

The presentation is worthy of the story. Out of hundreds of pages of dialogue scarcely any are dull. Forty-seven men and women follow each other on and off the stage, and the succession of their voices builds up a dramatic music not unlike that of *The Waste Land*. Here too the voices paint a picture of general desolation. Some are brave, some are craven, some are noble, some are base, and a surprising number manage to be funny, among them Lionel Stander, who exhausts the Committee by a torrent of indignant verbiage. The total effect is deeply saddening. True, the victims are topsides by the end of the play, but in the meantime so much harm has been done. It is impossible to summon up much indignation: the spectacle is too serious for cheap emotion. Even the infinitely little, malignant witch-hunters of the Committee are seen to be human in their wrongdoing, and so win a sympathy they sorely deserve. They are even comic, like Richard Arens, counsel for the Committee in the late 1950s, an especially odious and high-handed inquisitor, who drips catchphrases: "Your point of view at that time, madam, Doctor, is that Red China, Communist-controlled, atheistic, godless China, should be admitted into the council of nations of the world in the United Nations?" It is like Mrs Micawber, and, in view of recent

Just as bad is Professor Daniel Boorstin. After conceding that while he was a communist the party made no attempt to influence his teaching at Harvard, he asserts that "a member of the Communist Party should not be employed by a university. I would not hire such a person if I were a university president." His testimony vividly shows why the great universities of America were so helpless before the witch-hunters—almost as helpless as Hollywood. Their intellectual and moral standards were often dreadfully debased.

Fortunately some of the witnesses kept their heads and their honour. Arthur Garfield Hays, general counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, told the Committee a great

The Committee agreed to hear him in secret session, but he had to tell all, or condemn his wife and children to penury, himself, probably, to pri-

son. It is really no wonder that thereafter, bearing the load of self-contempt and the contempt of others, he managed to persuade himself that he had been right, that patriotism had necessitated personal treachery. But as Mr Bentley points out, another actor, Sterling Hayden, who testified willingly, later regretted his action bitterly, writing a mock letter to his psychiatrist:

If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have turned into a stoolie for J. Edgar Hoover. I don't think you have the foggiest notion of the contempt I have had for myself since the day I did that thing...

A body which could poison lives in this way needs every shred of justification it can get. Yet the conspiracy it pursued was dead; the statute books were loaded with anti-communist laws which the courts and the FBI were only too eager to enforce. The Committee's labours were by any standard unnecessary, unless it is necessary to drum up public hysteria. Even if there had been a dangerous conspiracy its activities could not have been justified. For in the name of emergency the Committee brushed aside honour and the First Amendment, and when witnesses began to invoke the Fifth Amendment, guaranteeing that no person "shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law", this was invariably construed as a confession of guilt. The American Federation of Television and Radio Artists actually assumed the power to expel any member who invoked the Fifth Amendment at a congressional hearing. A more blatant perversion of the Bill of Rights cannot be imagined, nor a more forceful demonstration that constitutional guarantees are effective only when effectively supported by opinion. But Americans rely on their Constitution to protect their liberties, so its guarantees must be absolute, even, indeed especially, in times of emergency. For otherwise, as the story of HUAC shows, they offer no shelter at all.

It remains only to consider the significance of this sorry story, as Mr Bentley tells it. Above all it is a matter of the human cost of history that he brings out so vividly. Between the bad faith of the committee and the bad faith of the Committee—the reek of cynicism was never far away—individuals, innocent of everything but human weakness, suffered grievously. They were the victims of a doctrine which taught that ends justify means: their fate persuades us again that the end of such politics is too high. It is a lesson we always need to be reminded of. So, even though HUAC is enfeebled, its story is still of urgent importance, and Mr Bentley has put us all in his debt by dramatizing it.

The Committee was not a court, and the actions it investigated were not crimes; but it used its authority to ruin those who admitted to those actions, and it sent many of those who did not to prison, where one of them, Ring Lardner Jr, had the pleas-

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Northern life-styles

BRIAN FULLERTON and ALAN F. WILLIAMS: Scandinavia

374pp. Chilton and Windsor, £3.

W. R. MEAD and WENDY HALL: Scandinavia

208pp. Thames and Hudson, £2.

ROLAND HUNTFORD: The New Totalitarianism

354pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £3.50.

Brian Fullerton and Alan F. Williams's book is clear and sober, making little pretence of elegance and none of chattiness. A geography of Scandinavia is nevertheless taken as a broad sense—historical and human as well as physical and economic. The historical, social and economic background is in no excellent introduction, though there are some minor errors and omissions (vide the description of the Norwegian *fjordland*). If there is anything serious to be said, it is the fact that Iceland is excluded. In a narrow geographical sense this is understandable, though the inclusion of brief sections on Greenland and the Faroes makes it more difficult to justify, except on the political ground, that both of these territories are now in theory part of Denmark.

Iceland is indeed included in the contrasting book by W. R. Mead and Wendy Hall, but one must question the wisdom of seeking to write such a comprehensive work on all five Scandinavian countries within 200 pages. There are passages—especially on the historical development—which are so compressed that only

someone with a thorough knowledge of Scandinavia will readily understand them. Nor are the chapters treating Scandinavia as a whole always entirely successful: scarcely any Dane or Icelandic would recognize his homeland in the "Everyday Life" chapter, where everything is purely based on Swedish-Finnish custom.

Denmark is in general treated in a rather impressionistic fashion, but as one reads on into the book it improves and maintains something of the promise contained in the first chapter's excellent geographical survey. Part three, "The Scandinavian Contribution", an evaluation of Scandinavia's cultural and political standing, is first-rate, showing a balanced view of the processes at work in the whole of the North.

Here Sweden is treated carefully and with understanding, and the opportunity is taken, for instance, of describing that country's stance during the Second World War and emphasizing its generosity to those in a less fortunate position. A wary attitude is adopted to modern political developments, and no secret is made of the inequities upon privacy and personal liberty by Sweden's progress towards greater equality: "If the claims of equality and liberty were to come into conflict, liberty might be the loser." Likewise the general tolerance of the Swedes is more or less equaled with passivity. This is of particular interest here because of the nature of Roland Huntford's *The New Totalitarianism*. His book is in a completely different vein, being interpretative rather than predominantly informative. The argument is fundamentally that

Sweden today is a living example of Huxley's Brave New World, a country in which people are content to sacrifice liberty for efficiency, individuality for collective ease. Manipulation is one of the key words, and the author goes to great lengths to demonstrate that the Swedish Social Democratic Party has consistently and, apparently, deliberately conditioned the people. The Swedes, it is argued, have a historical propensity for subordinating themselves, for adopting themselves to the collective principle. Starting from this characteristic the Social Democrats are said to have inculcated a sense of gratitude and loyalty in them, at the same time as, edging them farther and farther to the left.

Economic considerations are paramount in pushing through government policy—which is often not discussed by the weak Diet and may well ultimately stem from one or other of the corporate organizations which represent party thought. As one example of economic principles being used to eradicate undesired elements, Mr Huntford cites the way in which he sees long planning being used in Stockholm to force out private theatres over which the state would not exercise direct control. Brandt Josephson, the first "ideological" appointee to the directorship of the Royal Dramatic Theatre, is quoted as refusing any play running counter to official thinking—and that includes the "conservative" Ibsen, and Holberg, whose "morality" is a state control, as are school textbooks; while publishers show reluctance to undertake works conflicting with the official ideology. Sweden emerges as a completely

centralized state principally concerned with the economic needs of the nation (inimical to Western culture values, and one being consciously guided towards uninhibited sex in order to "remove aggressions"). The question must inevitably be asked whether this is a valid judgement. There is doubtless some truth in it, but then, is manipulation absent in other Western countries? And for the Swede feeling out of place in Continental Europe? Is he so unique? And are most Swedes really frightened that their offspring might be taken away from them? The figures for those taken into care concern one year, and no comparisons are given.

In favour of Mr Huntford's argument there are too many statements by named (as well as unnamed) responsible Swedes to be entirely discounted, but one would like to know in what circumstances and in answer to what questions some of them were made. And what else was said on those occasions which has not found its way into this book? It is difficult to imagine that all the evidence pointed in one direction. The fact that Ibsen's *A Doll's House* is this season being performed before capacity audiences in the Royal Dramatic Theatre seems to point in at least one other understanding. There are other notes, various debatable historical perspectives, while some of the comments on Swedish literature and cultural achievements are quite acceptable.

Perhaps something is rotten in the state of Sweden (of which state it is that not be said?), but Mr Huntford is too eager to prove his point, more dispassionate account may have been more convincing.

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For use against apathy?

BRIAN GROOMBRIDGE:
Television and the People
254pp. Penguin. Paperback, 45p.

When Rankin heard that a cable had been laid at great expense and with enormous engineering skill from Britain to India—Brian Groombridge tells us—he asked: "And what do you have to say to India?" In *Television and the People* Mr Groombridge makes an interesting, urgent, and almost convincing case for what he thinks should be the aim of television, at any rate in the political sphere. He is not concerned with the arts, however lofty, or with the lesser virtues of domestic entertainment but is positive that television could revitalise democracy in this (or any other) country by making it more participatory.

Participation, as Mr Groombridge would be the first to admit, is a catchword in politics, but it is a catchword which has never really caught the imagination of either the politicians or the public. Only the unfashionable Liberals under Jo Grimond (unsuccessfully) campaigned with it as a slogan and have consistently tried to devise means of involving the community in the running of their own lives (Mr Groombridge, who could perhaps be labelled as a middle-of-the-road social democrat, does not mention the Liberals). We are bedevilled by apathy towards the politics of industrial and social issues—

except among those redoubtable, vociferous members of the middle-classes who read *What's* and *Where's*, and suggestions to *What's* and form the cells of many worthy organizations from CASE to Women's Liberation. Everyone knows the potential of television as an adult educator and the abundance of information the medium pours into our homes. Yet the BBC, discovered in 1954, to take but one of Mr Groombridge's examples, that less than half the sample they questioned knew the meaning of "devaluation" and only 53 per cent knew what the phrase "per cent" indicated. (What does happen in schools?) He concludes from such dismal findings

not that most people are too mediocre, too badly informed to justify democracy; it is that democracy is at present too mediocre, too badly structured, to motivate people towards knowledge and action.

The third section of his book looks at experiments in other countries which have tried to draw ordinary people into the production of television programmes and have the man in the street rather than the professional commissioneer decide what issues to examine. When a vote is to be held in St Louis about local government changes, the programmes for the "Metropolis Assembly" were decided in the first place by holding public meetings to see what people thought the issues

were. Neighbourhood forums were organized to familiarize more people with the outlines of the plans and discover articulate unofficial proponents of different points of view. After debates in the forums these articulate individuals were invited to take part in a studio debate which was in its turn watched by discussion groups at viewing points. There was good press support for the project, and when the referendum was held the vote was much heavier than was usual in a poll of that sort.

As a device for Athenian-type political education, the Metropolis Assembly looks good. Yet it contains an essential weakness in that those in the community with television talent control the cameras and the inarticulate remain inarticulate. The story of how Sweden systematically tackled the Conservation Year through the media is instructive also. The event in this case is that a paternalistic use of the media could be dangerous for less acceptable causes. We are back to *Quintus*: Mr Groombridge is on firmer ground when he pleads for complementary use and more interrelation between radio, television, and the written word, and for the serious development of local radio and local television in the wired cities of the future. Mr Groombridge does not prove that television alone could revitalize democracy, but he does show that more intelligent use of its possibilities could stir our present political doldrums, while incidentally enlightening what we see on the box.

Ladies only

ALISON ADBURGHAM:
Women in Print
302pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.95.

I have lately counted a young Gentlewoman and she is now in mind to marry me. Lately died a Relative and left me £100 a year, on condition, moreover, that I never would marry the above-mentioned Lady. Query, whether to take the Lady and leave the Money, or take the Money and leave the Lady.

Lovely Hearts can boast a relatively ancient lineage. It was to the *Athenian Mercury*, founded in London in 1691, and surviving for six years, that the undecided suitor put his problem. If the advice he received: "Take the Lady", is not necessarily what would be given in today's more flip climate, the preoccupations of the *Ladies Mercury*, stable companion to the *Athenian*, which embraced "all the most nice and curious Questions concerning Love, Marriage, Behaviour, Dress and Humour of the Female Sex, whether Virgins, Wives or Widows", remain near enough of those of the latest born of its successors.

The contemporary feel of many pre-Victorian magazines is one of the surprises of Alison Adburgham's absorbing book, in which she claims, perhaps over-modestly, to have attempted no more than "initial rescue work" among the publications of a largely neglected period. Of many, but not of all, it is inconceivable that, today, a non-specialist publication should thrive on mathematical problems—still ones—supported by poetical enigmas, but they were the backbone of the *Ladies Diary*, or *The Woman's Almanack*, which first appeared at the end of 1703 for the year 1704. (The object of the anticipated date was to catch both the post and the Christmas trade.) By 1717 it claimed to be selling 6,000 to 7,000 copies a year, and its readership was as far-flung as Cumberland, Cambridgeshire and the Canary Islands.

Although the details given about these early women's mags must be fascinating to journalists and likely to send social historians hurrying to sources, the major theme of Mrs Adburgham's book is the women who wrote for them. She has resurrected, it seems, every woman who lived wholly or partly by her pen for the 150 years between the death of Aphra Behn, patron saint of them all, if saint is the word, in 1709 until the year after Queen Victoria came to the throne. Their number is remarkable. One may hesitate to accept the list of contributors claimed by John Dunton, founder of both *Mercuries*, Magazine publishing, at any time, being what it is. It is likely enough that "Divine Astell; refined Lady Masham; that angel in flesh and blood, Madam Gwillim; the conscientious and dutiful Maxfield; beverly Richards; unknown Alimn" and as many more may have all resided in the persons of a couple of hacks scribbling for all get-out in a small back room. But the very fact

that he could make the claim with any hope of credibility suggests at least that women writers at the time were not "rarer than radium". Presumably, too, the contributors whom he lists in his memoirs, Mrs Not, Mrs Curtis, Mrs Mallet and others, were authentic.

As Mrs Adburgham makes clear, if they were to survive they had to be both tough and talented. From Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, who, even though she did not write for money, "a woman (could) be exempt from the malice and aspersions of spiteful tongues which they cast upon my poor writings", to the poetess and novelist, Laetitia E. Landon, who declared in 1836 that "Envy, malice and all uncharitable nesses—these are the fruits of a successful literary career for women", exorcism seems to have been the normal lot of writing females. It is difficult to see quite why, since even at its lower levels, Grub Street was surely less ignominious than prostitution or mercenary marriage, the only alternatives for gentlemen, or those who could pass as such, with no means of support.

True, besides, showing a marked gift for meeting the public taste for the scandalous and the salacious, some had a certain richness about their private lives, whether it was Lady Blessington's curiously constituted midwife a la trois, or the unapologetic "little indiscretions" admitted by the novelist and journalist, Mrs Eliza Heywood; but they were counterbalanced by Hannah More, who her tracts for the poor, and Mrs Sara Trimmer, founder-editor of the first family magazine, who exuded moral purpose from every pore. It was, in any case, far outweighed by the enormous professionalism of these harassed, hard-driven women, and their formidable capacity for work. During the time that Lady Blessington was the evidently efficient editor of the *Book of Beauty* she wrote the whole body of another annual, and in 1840, while she was editing the *Keep-sake*, she published a novel, *The Belle of the Season*, and the second part of her *Tales in Italy*. Mrs Manley seems to have written most of the *Female Tatler*, which came out on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and was at one time credited with writing also the *Whisperer*, published on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The extracts from some of these publications suggest that the quality could have been a deal worse. One would dearly like an opportunity of judging the merits of some of the long-forgotten novelists whom she describes. To take an almost random sample: Charlotte Lennox, whom Dr Johnson ranked with Hannah More, Fanny Burney, the remarkable Elizabeth Carter, Mrs Radcliffe, queen of Gothic novelists, and Sydney Owenson, later Lady Morgan, whose *Wild Irish Girl* ran into seven editions in two years. It seems as though, even today, their work would have more than the interest which attaches to period fiction.

PHILOSOPHY

A genetic psychologist's confessions

JAN PIAGET:
Logic and Illusions of Philosophy
Translated by Wolfe Mayes
250p. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
£3.95.
Epistémologie des sciences de l'homme
250p. Paris: Gallimard. 6fr.

"This book being something of a confession . . .", says Jan Piaget in a preface to *Logic and Illusions*, in which he goes on to describe an encounter with "the great Bergson". The book is indeed an intensely personal one, and this, more even than its scientific nature, is what gives it both a charm and its interest. It is a very strong work of R. G. Collingwood's *Autobiography*. A lady scientist once claimed that Russell told her that talking to her was more exciting than making love to other women. Whether or not we credit her story, there is no doubt that when even at its lower levels, Grub Street was surely less ignominious than prostitution or mercenary marriage, the only alternatives for gentlemen, or those who could pass as such, with no means of support.

True, besides, showing a marked gift for meeting the public taste for the scandalous and the salacious, some had a certain richness about their private lives, whether it was Lady Blessington's curiously constituted midwife a la trois, or the unapologetic "little indiscretions" admitted by the novelist and journalist, Mrs Eliza Heywood; but they were counterbalanced by Hannah More, who her tracts for the poor, and Mrs Sara Trimmer, founder-editor of the first family magazine, who exuded moral purpose from every pore. It was, in any case, far outweighed by the enormous professionalism of these harassed, hard-driven women, and their formidable capacity for work. During the time that Lady Blessington was the evidently efficient editor of the *Book of Beauty* she wrote the whole body of another annual, and in 1840, while she was editing the *Keep-sake*, she published a novel, *The Belle of the Season*, and the second part of her *Tales in Italy*. Mrs Manley seems to have written most of the *Female Tatler*, which came out on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and was at one time credited with writing also the *Whisperer*, published on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The extracts from some of these publications suggest that the quality could have been a deal worse. One would dearly like an opportunity of judging the merits of some of the long-forgotten novelists whom she describes. To take an almost random sample: Charlotte Lennox, whom Dr Johnson ranked with Hannah More, Fanny Burney, the remarkable Elizabeth Carter, Mrs Radcliffe, queen of Gothic novelists, and Sydney Owenson, later Lady Morgan, whose *Wild Irish Girl* ran into seven editions in two years. It seems as though, even today, their work would have more than the interest which attaches to period fiction.

Indeed, Piaget's opening chapter, "An Account of and an Analysis of a Disenchantment", deserves to be read alongside Jean-François Revel's masterly *Paradoxes of Philosophy* as a succinct, witty, and perceptive account of an intellectual climate and its institutional underpinning. His splendid account of the structural bias of the French university towards intellectual conservatism contains the malicious observation that it is not for nothing that Durkheim's doctrine (of the social nature of truth) originated in France.

Piaget's account is no less valuable for the fact that the post-1968 reforms have now dated it. In this respect, as in some others, the book bears marks of the fact that it was first published in France in 1965. For instance, it was evidently written before the work of Chomsky (whose themes are closely parallel to his) made an impact on Piaget. (Chomsky's name does not appear in this book, whereas it is frequently invoked in the other volume under review.)

Piaget's central problem in *Epistémologie des sciences de l'homme* is the question of method in the study of man and, more specifically, in the study of the genesis of our cognitive powers. He is fighting on a number of fronts. He dislikes being classed as a positivist, for he uses this name to describe a theory concerning the manner in which we acquire knowledge, and of course a mistaken one. (This corresponds to Chomsky's model use of the term "competence".) He might console himself by the reflection that there exists a Continental usage according to which anyone not subscribing to analytic philosophy is automatically a positivist, and the two species are made to exhaust the universe.

At the same time, he is both appalled and perturbed by the apriorism, subjectivism and complacency of the philosophers, with their enthusiasm for sitting on their hot seats and laying down the law about the structure of the human mind, predilection, etc., and their new rationalism for so doing. But it is important and interesting that Piaget is perturbed at all tempted to take the positivist short-cut and proscribe all non-experimental thought as intellectually disreputable. He is acutely sensitive to the problem which arises for our intellectual world through the awkward relationship between Science and Something Else. It is altogether to his credit that he is not tempted by the two extremist solutions, either the brazen elevation to sovereignty of the Something Else (this might be called the Left Bank solution, though certain variants of it are very fashionable in Britain), or by its ruthless proscription.

The solution which he does offer is moderate and likeable rather than high-powered. It consists of a division of labour between the experimental sciences, and a philosophy which does not presume to rival or condemn them, or have its own avenues to reality, but which confines itself to "wisdom". This does not really get us very far. Though Piaget's is very observant when it comes to the specific social milieu and the way they encourage hostility to empirical psychology, he is not so perceptive when it comes to the general reasons which make for the tension between the world of science and of man, between the world of the philosopher and the world of the scientist. He is not so perceptive when it comes to the general reasons which make for the tension between the world of science and of man, between the world of the philosopher and the world of the scientist.

The largest part of *Logic and Illusions of Philosophy* is taken up with combating philosophical pretensions to a priori psychological knowledge and its modern rationalizations. But as Wolfe Mayes observes in his insightful introduction, there is a striking parallel between the Continental, predominantly phenomenological manner of doing this, which preoccupies Piaget, and Anglo-Saxon linguistic philosophy.

Both do indeed spring from the same general situation, from the need to defend the *Lebenswelt* against the idiom of an abstract or experimental science. Thus they have a deeper root than the mere laziness of the non-experimentalist, though this factor is also important. The joke is that in the "Anglo-Saxon" variant (whose most influential form was in fact invented by a Viennese), the attack on empiricism is carried out in the name of empiricism itself. The argument runs, roughly: our concepts are embodied in (or are tantamount to) the rules governing our use of language. What we say, however, is immediately accessible to us, because we say it, and thus an important realm is made available which we need not hand over to the experimentalists, and which, indeed, the experimentalist would trample. And as, incidentally, our concepts define our world, we thereby find out a lot about the world—is just as our traditional ways of thinking always led us to suppose. So everything is secure. A dispensation from the requirement to heed science could hardly go further, and, through the neat "linguistic" twist, it is all done in the name of respect for empiricism, for fact for language as it is actually spoken.

The so-called phenomenological method secures the land-roads to virtually the same realm, but by a different route. It is not legitimate, runs its argument, to examine our own concepts, whilst suspending the "natural attitude", which is interested in the reality of the objects of those concepts? This procedure has a number of curious consequences, apart from handing over this realm of suspended concepts, in a kind of philosophical bonded warehouse, to the non-empirical contemplator. In at least two ways, it freezes and distorts that realm. The "natural attitude" is not merely interested in the reality or otherwise of objects, it is also sensitive to the possible invalidity of concepts. It is aware, in other words, of the possibility that things may turn out to be quite different from what we initially supposed, and hence that the concepts in terms of which they were seen in fact totally misdescribed them. The phenomenological attitude is such that (for the natural attitude is "suspended"), it thereby also contains a kind of rigor mortis on them.

Secondly, it is part and parcel of revealing him a necessary place in nature's scheme . . . then we understand why so many thousand years passed before the appearance, in the realm of ideas, of those presenting objective knowledge as the only source of real truth.

Professor Monod also considers the contemporary protest against science: "Behind the protest is the refusal to accept the essential message of science. The fear is the fear of sacrifice; of outrage to values; and it is wholly justified. It is perfectly true that science attacks values."

This is a complete re-assertion, in modern terms, of the Humenn doctrine of the naturalistic fallacy; and the argument is perhaps irrefutable if one accepts that there are such things as objective knowledge and real truth, stable in human language. Professor Monod's argument, however, has another and more subtle twist: "The very definition of 'true knowledge rests in the final analysis upon an ethical postulate.' But if so, how is he justified in talking about an 'objective truth' in the bare sense he has used earlier, and which is referred to by Sir Peter Medawar, as 'that which is actually true, is indeed the case'?" These are issues too deep to be resolved here. It is gratifying that the translation of Professor Monod's book is at least clear enough not to muddy the water still further.

at least our contemporary *Lebenswelt*, or commonsense, that there is built into it an uneasy sense of its own inadequacy. The notions of daily life are inadequate, they have a kind of *pis aller* or interim standing; we suspect that a true understanding of things requires some quite different idiom. In other words, tentativeness, insecurity, a kind of general *suris* are already part of concepts in their normal daily life. We practise epoché as we speak prose, and we do not need Hossler to invent it for us. This phenomenology, in the name of suspending our concepts, does exactly the opposite. It confers on them a kind of rigidity and an unwarranted inner security. Thereby, it not merely issues a charter to hum-sitting apriorism (a small matter), but, through it, unjustifiably reconfirms the trustworthiness of our whole shaky *Lebenswelt*. It is by this kind of facile argument that Sartre, for instance, arrives so confidently at free will, at "le self-service de sa conscience libre". In this crucially important point, the parallel with linguistic philosophy is perfect. But in truth it is precisely a central feature of our condition, that the *Lebenswelt* (or world of ordinary language) is precarious and does not inspire confidence.

There is one further parallel at least. Phenomenology tends to be interesting only when applied to things human. In other spheres, its conclusions, its exclamation of "suspended" concepts, tend naturally to have the form "a rose is a rose is a rose". But when applied to the structure of self-consciousness itself, there are at least suggestive things to be said. Similarly, the centre of gravity of linguistic philosophy tends to be in the philosophy of mind.

As indicated, the merit and interest of *Logic and Illusions of Philosophy* is not in some general diagnosis of this situation, but in Piaget's more specific observations on various thinkers and milieux. Its readability springs from its frankly avowed personal nature. By contrast *Epistémologie des sciences de l'homme* is on a more personal book. It is, on the contrary, the by-product of a cooperative UNESCO enterprise, as part of which it first appeared in 1970, and unfortunately it reads like it. The only personal thing about the volume is Piaget's occasional indulgence in his penchant for quoting people quoting him.

Science against values

JACQUES MONOD:
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Translated by Austyn Wainhouse
187pp. Collins. £1.75.

The argument that there is a necessary antagonism between science and the humanities, developed by Sir Peter Medawar in *The Hope of Progress* only to the point that "literature drives out science", is carried much further by another Nobel Prize winning biologist, Jacques Monod. His book, published in Paris in 1970, and reviewed in the *TLS* on May 28, 1971, has now appeared in English. The translation is outstandingly successful and preserves the incisiveness and bite of the author's uncompromising French. Professor Monod describes the invention of myths and religions, and the construction of vast philosophical systems as the price man has had to pay in order to survive as a social animal without yielding to pure autarkism; and he writes of "the extreme subjective power of the laws that organized and guaranteed this cohesion [of the tribe]".

If there is an innate need for a complete explanation, whose absence causes a deep anxiety, if the only form of explanation which can ease the soul is that of a total history which

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Westerns on the wane

TIMOTHY GREEN:
The Universal Eye
327pp. Rodley Head. £2.75.

PETER BLACK:
The Mirror to the Corner
232pp. Hutchinson. £2.90.

Over ten years ago, Richard Cavstinn directed a memorable documentary for the BBC which looked at television all over the world. He reported the global triumph of American soap-opera and the American Western. Two scenes in particular stuck in the mind: one, travelling along Bangkok's river-front and hearing the same Siamese peace, we realized what image of the Western world was being conveyed to millions of pairs of eyes that had never had a chance to look beyond their own horizons; and two, a shot of Italian peasants learning to write by means of television lessons, and writing with hesitant fingers, "Cristoforo Colombo ha scoperto l'America". The worst that television could then do it did with all the power of Mummion; the best, only in very few countries, and rarely.

Now Timothy Green presents a like endeavour in an excellent and well-researched book. A cross between John Gunther and Anthony Sampson, he has been everywhere and knows the facts, and he has kept a sense of their significance. A heartening conclusion emerges that Gresham's Law has not had its way. American domination of television screens in emergent countries has declined. Whereas in architecture a universally boring uniformity makes it impossible for the air traveller to identify the country he has landed in by the airport buildings, it is refreshing to learn from Mr Green how differently the electronic lantern flickers in different places. The taken place in world television call for at least two cheers. In South America, the home-grown *telenovelas* rule the air. The story, with infinite variations, rests on an underdeveloped Cinderella prototype: poor country girl comes to town, is seduced, becomes a mother, but survives by opening a successful boutique or marrying into good looks and money. In Portugal, television programmes are licensed on the understanding that they must all be suitable for viewing by twelve-year-olds. In Norway, all the television staff, except those actually putting out the programmes, knock off at 3 pm in the afternoon. The most assiduous viewer, in the world, must be the Japanese housewife who spends 56 per cent of all her leisure in front of her set.

The British reader will be astonished by the high regard to which British television is now held throughout the world. Not in the palmiest days of Empire would British cultural exports have been treated with greater respect than they are now, to the extent of having induced American industrial television sponsors to second thoughts on which programmes to invest in. Mr Green ends his absorbing book with a glimpse into the future of television. Satellites, cable and cassette television are likely to change the present systems beyond recognition by the mid-1980s. The author has hit on a subject that will demand a similar book from him ten years hence.

The Mirror to the Corner is a popular history of the political and commercial pirouettes that brought commercial television to our screens, of the competition between the BBC and the programme companies, and of the programme developments in Britain between 1955 and 1970. Its author, Peter Black, is perhaps the most respected television critic in this country. He has earned this respect by invariably doing his homework and knowing the background of programme making. Undoubtedly, he has continued to detect originality with unfailing flair. Now he stands back to survey the wood instead of watching the trees. The result is highly readable, fair, and a little disappointing.

Like many television documentary producers, Mr Black is better at posing the question "How?" than the more penetrating "Why?" He is devastating in his judgments of commercial television's programme standards over the years, and right in saying the BBC offers the fullest and widest service of any television organization in the world. He pays overdue tribute to the two most important television pioneers in the 1930s, Cecil McGivern and Grace Wyndham Goldie. Justice is done to the main programme developments: the rise of current affairs, the creation of original television drama, the emergence of quite new forms of omniscience is any proper mention of contributors of John Schlesinger, Ken Russell, Jonathan Miller, Jack Gold and Peter Watkins.

What this book fails to do is to ask searching enough questions: what are the cultural effects of networks which must maximize their audiences in order to stay in business? Has television yet succeeded in broadcasting ideas? Has anyone thought hard enough about the relationship of language to image on the television screen?

With 1976 in sight, the author ought to have devoted more than a chapter to the future of television in this country. He himself is cautious and, coin-tossing apart, does not anticipate major structural changes in the present set-up. Anyone who cares for the pursuit of excellence in television must watch both the baying of politicians for BBC blood and the antics of destructives, and sophisticated television Robespierres with foreboding.

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T·L·S

71st Year 2 JUNE 1972 No. 3,666

Viewpoint

BY CLIVE JAMES

IT WOULD BE incestuous if the contributions to this column were continually to join issue with one another, yet I can't refrain from calling Anthony Burgess out into the yard over his remarks on literary journalism (April 21). His views on the parasitic ephemerality of the craft coincide so neatly with Cyril Connolly's famous exhortations in *The Caudleland Playground* that I don't see why we shouldn't apply to them that especially irritated suspicion we reserve for opinions too smoothly rehearsed. It was Connolly's notion that literary journalism was one of the academy's best, the accuser of the academy's average, and the necessary scourge of the academy's worst. In the business of criticism the academy and the metropolis have a certain relationship to one another, and the line of this relationship is the backbone of a literary culture. On the one hand there are dons, and on the other hand literary journalists, who fall to see the necessity for this relationship, but that doesn't make it any less vital. Even when a scrupulous development, it is really a struggle for the same blanket by two people in bed together, so a truce is the only workable outcome.

Enemies of Promise which got in the round of writing masterpieces. Since Connolly's journalistic lights plainly were his masterpieces, this argument had little substance when applied to his own case: nobody in his right mind would claim to discover more of Connolly's individuality in *The Rock Pool* than so vigorously exists in "Told in Glath" or "Where Engels Feurs in Tread" or "Igelling closer to nowl." Band Strikes Camp". With Burgess we are in another part of the forest, he being the man who actually gets written the novels that other men only dream of writing—or, rather, that other regiments only dream of writing. Yet if Burgess's literary journalism was meant to be such an inherently inferior activity he might have done us the grace of being worse at it, so that we could have saved the money it cost to buy *Unsettled* from

and the time it took to enjoy *Crash*. I have that excellent collection of pieces in front of me now, almost falling to bits from being read in the bath. I turn it over and find on the back a dramatically lit photograph of Anthony Burgess. But where is the Government Health Warning? Where does it say: "Listen sucker, the stuff inside was tossed off fur the bread when by rights I should have been assembling another twenty-seven novels e il modo ancor m'offende"?

Creative people should be slow to put sharp weapons in the hands of their opponents; and their opponents—in the short term if not the long—are in the academy, not the metropolises. Taking the brunt of new creative work is one of the things literary journals do all about. It can do this well or badly, but at least it is committed to getting it done, whereas the academy is committed to not doing it—not yet. The academy has other tasks. Unfortunately, relaxing into lucrative but undemanding weekly posts if there were more outlets in which to publish solid work—as it is! In each paper we get permanent nines doing temporary work. Instead of *vico versa*. Anthony Burgess is just one of the people who have encouraged the notion that only the longer article is worthy of preservation—this despite the fact that the new book is full of exemplary 1,000-word pieces. Economics and the social sciences have been

the academy's other tasks (such as the letter of the times) allowing, long time included the task of branding the London literary journals as a subterranean mafia bent on draining the living culture of its precious bodily fluids. Ludicrous, as this accusation was, it was loved, lung enough and hard enough, for some of it to be off, and the opinion is by now widely discredited that literary journalism is donkey-work and easily done. To which the answer is: it is easy to do badly and hard to do well; and that even at its worst it is not so dispensable at the vanguard of academic writing; and that, at its best it is the full complement to the

prize *Urgent Copy*, for example, which I got for ten bob in a Charging Cross Road basement.

S. I. Perelman. I see from a bookshop catalogue, is currently off-loading his collection of presentation copies from Ogden Nash. I don't see much sense in paying extra money for an inscription, but in this case I would break the rule if I had the lot. Perelman gets people that way. In a Sydney bookshop I, Hugh Figueas, as Perelman might have dubbed it, I once bought *Listen to the Mocking-bird, A Child's Garden of Curves, and Weanaw! Ha!* in a single hatch. Revelling in the stuff, I suddenly realized it was going to be all right; a mixed style was legitimate, so long as you could muster the discipline. What I did not realize at the time is that it takes about ten years of flat-out sweat to muster the discipline. It is apparently a paradox, but on experience plain truth, that a mixed style cannot be evolved solely from studying mixed styles—there must be a pure style for the mixed one to break free from, or else the freedom will mean nothing more than delinquency. Nevertheless, I find it worrying that so great a proportion of the writing in British magazines and papers is done in a pure style.

A humorous writer like Alan Coren might derive (hilariously) from Pereleman, but for most of the esoteric scriveners it's as if the Americans had never existed. For myself, I find it hard to take a journalism un-influenced by men like Menckes, Nulban, Pereleman, Liebling, Gibbs (in his reviews), and Stone: mixed stylistic all. We shouldn't have to wait for a man's opinions before grasping his attitude to life: the style should tell us instantly. Literary journalism should be as compact as possible while still being clear, as resonant as possible while still being unambiguous. This is to endure, not contradict. John Wain's demolition of R. P. Blackmur's stylistic convolutions, in which he correctly pointed out that the propensity of English prose to say only one thing at a time was not its limitation but the final refinement of its subtlety,

In the *New Shavonum* recently John Wells has been writing a television column which pays an unprecedented amount of attention to camera-work. The venture is welcome, but raises several questions. First, and most obvious, to discuss the technique in detail takes so much of the meagre space allotted that there are only a few lines left over in which to sum up the content. Second, and more difficult, many of his readers can possess Wells's knowledge of how television programmes are put together, so it's hard to see how his elaborate exposition can be anything more than abstrusely impressive even at its most mellotious. Third, and perhaps least obvious, a purely technical analysis must be either endless or a distortion. In one column Wells disparaged one programme's lighting, saying that a character's face picked up microphone shadow. Yet, as Wells knows if anybody does, this almost certainly had something to do with

recording-time, some hold-up in quite another area might have forced it on the director. Despite all these questions, however, I think Wells is perfectly right to talk about technique. Too much television criticism is camped in the air: fabulously ignorant of how a programme's labour is divided, it can't even offer praise properly, let alone blame. At the moment it's the second-worst department in cultural journalism.

The weakest is the department devoted to rock music, which in most cases is enough to make a cold laugh. This is only partly the editors' fault, suitable writers being hard to find. As a writer of lyrics I can survive without praise but without understanding, and at the moment it's hard to know where I'm supposed to get it. The trade press devotes little attention to albums; the underground press mostly turns over its record-review columns to those staff-members who are not clever enough to get out and buy paper-clips; the sight and sound magazines make a pretence of being the most inregenerate trendies in the capital. A recent bright light in this misanthropic is *Crimin* magazine, which a few more good writers deal themselves into it could parallel the success of *Rolling Stone* magazine in the United States. But again it's the writers who are in short supply. The intelligent young who are hipped on the music simultaneously get their brains scrambled by the youth-culture ideology that goes along with it. So the music columns in the university newspapers and you'll find not the slightest intention of being cogent on the subject: just the same floppy wallow that spatters the pages of the underground press.

Reading Peter Dronke on the medieval realist song-writers—Marcelin, Bertran de Born, Peter Al Biais, Silskind, Walther von der Vogelweide I've been filling in the some background by playing the new and superb discs of the *Chansons de Berry's "Grosan Decade."* Berry's incongruity? Not a bit of it. What's to be heard and what's to be read match up so precisely in ambition and achievement that 700 years collapse into nothing upon the instant. In 1298, several years before Dante could possibly have started on the *Divine Comedy*, Jacopone da Todi had been dumped into clink by Pope Boniface VIII. There he wrote his marvellously compact and concrete lyric about a jail-bird, "*Ponto delite de spavire, / Inuenegnano nel muto giro*" (I wear the gyves of a sparrowhawk, / they linkle as I walk). It's so exactly the way Berry handles language that the continuity of the inspiration makes you laugh aloud. Jacopone would have understood a Berry coining like "hurry-home dralls" (for tears) with no trouble at all. It'll be many an equinox before Chuck Berry gets his Peter Dronke, but one day it will have to happen. There is no stopping creativity and man stopping the understanding of it —two things to cling to in an age of contempt.



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(from the *Breviarium seu parvum Electorum*).

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The Lull and Lullism to
Wakfield: S. R. Publishers.

AMON, LULL: was a missionary, burning with zeal to convert the Muslims and Jews to Christianity. Born about 1234 in Italy, he began life as a courtier, but was converted to Christianity by missionary effort by a vision which, so he believed, tho' great, which bears his name was revealed to him. He was in great demand of books about the Arabs to propagate it with tireless energy until his death in 1316. He first was based on religious opinions common to all the three religions, that God is good, wise, and so on; the Lullists are all founded on such divine names or Names. And they were also on scientific conception generally accepted, on the ground of the sciences as understood.

stood in the Middle Ages, and particularly on the four elements in their combinations. The two assumptions of the Art, the religious basis in the Divine Names or attributes and the cosmological and elemental basis, were fused in the enormously complicated workings of its figures, and Lull firmly believed that if only unbelievers would sit down with Christian Lullists—they can be seen sitting together in rows under Lullian trees in early illustrations—to work the Lullian figures, their conversion would infallibly follow.

Lull's missionary efforts were not as successful as he had hoped, but his Art was to have an astounding future, if not always in its missionary aspect, yet in its encyclopedic aspect, as a scientific method which could be applied to all subjects because its logic was a natural logic founded on reality. This encyclopedic aspect and universal application was not a development introduced by later followers; it was firmly embedded in Lull's own mind and expressed in his genuine works. In the forests of Lullian trees representing all subjects, rooted in the Divine Names or "Dignities," the trunks representing the elements

cham; or in the Lullian ladders rising through all creation to the celestial spheres, on each step of which the artist can do the Art.

Lullianism was forgotten in the nineteenth century, or derided as belonging to one of the disreputable pseudosciences. The first modern revival of interest in Lull began late in that century when he was admitted as a Catalan poet and prose writer. This is the Lull who is reflected in E. Allison Peers's English biography of 1929, which dwells on Lull the poet and the writer of strange romances, in which knights and hemlock under the woods; the latter is hardly mentioned in this book, and the writer was unaware that the romances are also variables about the Art, which Lull constantly tried to popularize through attractive imagery.

It is only in comparatively recent years that there has been an aver-
increasing interest in the Art, which
as now understood, was an attempt
to build a method on the structure
of the universe, and employed in
this method geometrical figures and
letter-notations. The appeal for the
present-day of research into such
method is obvious, and the history
of Lullium is becoming an important

field of study, and one which covers several historical periods. Beginning in the Middle Ages, Utilism continued in full force into the Renaissance, in which there was actually a renaissance of Utilism, and lasted into the early modern period as a still-surviving ancestor of new universal methods, such as those of Descartes and Leibniz.

The history of Lullism is a difficult subject, full of problems, and encumbered by too much material. Lull wrote in many books, which were disseminated in so many manuscripts; there are difficulties about his life and about the origins of his ideas. Much excellent work has been done by scholars abroad, but the vast subject of Lull, and of the history of Lullism, has been studied by only a few specialists of late in the English-speaking world. This is why the book by J. N. Hillgarth is so welcome. It is a massive contribution to Lull studies by an English scholar who is fully conversant with Continental Lull scholarship and which makes an extremely important original contribution in the whole subject. It is difficult to put into a few words any idea of the learning which has gone into the making of this book. With its array of notes, and of appendices in *Lullin*, it may at first sight seem daunting to the reader; but it is a book which will put Lull and Lullism on the map as themes central for the history of the European mind.

The author brings his detailed and accurate scholarship to bear on Lull's fascinating life and exciting times, and he examines the Lull manuscripts, their centres of production, their diffusion, in a manner altogether admirable in its precision and expertise. *Ramin Lull and Lullikon: A Fourteenth-Century Manuscript* represents a major research in the libraries of Europe, the patient examination of hundreds of manuscripts, in lay a foundation on which future Lull studies can rest. As the author claims, against the background of the transmission of the manuscripts, the isolated episodes, such as the Lullism of Cusanus, gain in meaning; and the combination of historical narrative with the history of manuscripts creates a text which is an original and indispensable approach to the peculiar difficulties of the Lullian material.

To implement his missionary and unifying schemes, Lull needed a monarch to support them. He was attracted to the French Monarchy with its traditional religious imperialism at that time being re-emphasized anew by Pierre Dubois, in connexion with the aspirations of Philip IV (Philip the Fair). Mr. Hillgrath builds up most convincingly the importance for Lull of this close association with Paris, with both the court and the universities. The study of fourteenth-century France in this book is valuable for the general historian, as well as for the Lull specialist; in particular, the destruction of the Templars is seen as part of a plan for unifying the military orders which was connected with the French king's ambition to conquer the East.

With the history proper, goes the history of Lull's thought, and the history of Lull's French disciples.

Thomas Le Myérier, formed the great collection of Lull manuscripts and that Paris, not Majorca, was the centre whence Lullism was first diffused throughout Europe.

The study of Thomas Le Myre's *canon* of Art, of his *palimpsest* Mahaut, *canon* of Art, of his *palimpsest* library that of the *musica* which he owned is printed in an appendix to form a new and original contribution to the understanding of life in the thought. In fourteenth-century France, leading up to the study of Le Myre, as a *palimpsest*. This is based on the impossibility of a volume of selections from *Le Myre* works assembled by Le Myre, interspersed with introductions, commentaries by himself, and illustrated with a wonderfully illuminating circular figure. This great *canon* known as the *Electorium*, was questioned by Le Myre to Sorbonne.

Those who have sat in the manuscript room at the Bibliothèque Nationale, with the marvelous volume of Le Myésier's *Élection* before them have had an unfor-

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Statement in Poetry

Power on earth

JEANNINE QUILET:
Les Chefs du pouvoir au moyen âge
194pp. Paris: Flammarion, 7.50fr.

JOSEPH R. STRAYER:
Medieval Statecraft and the
Perspectives of History
425pp. Princeton University Press,
London: Oxford University Press,
£6.75.

Both of these offerings are attempts to prevent wide-ranging pictures of the workings of government in the Middle Ages, and to explain the relevance of political theory to political practice. But their authors set about the task in very different ways. It is, indeed, wrong to regard Joseph Strayer's book as a unified whole, since it consists of essays written over a long period of time and in very different contexts, collected together here by his pupils. However, it has sufficient consistency of thought to be treated as a real contribution to understanding of the way the medieval polity operated.

It has a considerably wider scope than *Les Chefs du pouvoir*, but Jeannine Quillet's more limited book is in some ways the more useful. She sets out to give a simple chronological survey of the theoretical framework of power in the Middle Ages, tracing the ways in which justification was found, at various periods, for the roles of Papacy, Empire, and other sovereign states. By concentrating on the necessity of a supra-mundane justification for any form of power on earth, she exposes the common features of political systems as diverse

as Boniface VIII's caesaro-papalism and Marsilius of Padua's denial of any independent power to the Church.

As an introductory account of medieval political theory the book is a whole lot more to commend than its style is clear, and the exposition itself is comprehensible to the uninitiated reader, without being oversimplified. There is a well-chosen selection of original source material, and the book as a whole has the great merit of placing the theories discussed firmly in the context of the period in which they were evolved.

Professor Strayer, on the other hand, is always concerned to look for the wider perspective, as the title of his book implies. The key to his thought is to be found in the last four essays, in which he expounds his own views on the reasons for writing history, and the necessary limits of the process itself. He reverts more than once to the analogy of playing cards, and the acquisition of a "card sense" in the whole of human reactions. So, he is prepared to make generous comparisons, and look for analogies over a broader range of topics and periods than has been common among professional historians in Britain for some time.

The strengths and weaknesses of this approach can be seen most clearly in the three essays devoted to feudalism. An essay on "The Tokugawa Period and Japanese Feudalism" offers some most interesting insights into the decline of feudalism in Europe by investigating why it did not occur in the same way in Japan, and there are also stimulating suggestions about the relationship of

what Professor Strayer calls "The Two Levels of Feudalism". But at the same time, in his eagerness to extract a formula for the essence of feudalism, to be used for comparative purposes, he dismisses too much of the complexities of the subject. He adopts Brunsell's definition of feudalism as the system "in which political power was treated as a private possession and was divided among a large number of lords". Yet this definition is open to the same kind of objections he uses to dismiss other views of feudalism, expressed in terms of landholding or military obligation—the objection that it is at once too narrow and too broad. This kind of historical approach requires caution in the reader.

Professor Strayer is at his best when dealing with a fairly broad topic, such as the constitutional development of late thirteenth-century France, where there is a great deal of evidence to be sifted, but a clear general theme does emerge. One or two very detailed studies, of a documentary variety, are slightly laboured, while in such essays as "Problems of Dictatorship: The Russian Experience" he slides too easily into unsupported, and sometimes unverifiable, assertions. Overall, however, it is refreshing, and salutary, to read the work of a medievalist who is not a bad scholar and yet dares to speculate beyond the strict confines of his period and area. In his "Introduction to the Interpretation of History" Professor Strayer gives an unusually sensitive account of the motives, aims and satisfactions of the historian's craft; for the most part, he practices what he preaches.

Magnates against the King

ANTHONY GOODMAN:
The Loyal Conspiracy
The Lords Appellant under Richard II.
212pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul,
£2.50.

At the end of 1387 five magnates, Thomas of Woodstock Duke of Gloucester, Richard Earl of Arundel, Thomas Earl of Warwick, Henry Bolingbroke Earl of Derby and Thomas Mowbray Earl of Nottingham, took up arms against Richard II and, shortly afterwards, appeared several of the King's closest associates of treason in parliament. Ten years later Richard took revenge by executing Arundel, probably murdering Gloucester, seizing the lands of Warwick and exiling Bolingbroke and Mowbray. These are the Lords Appellant to whom Anthony Goodman has devoted a book.

The reign of Richard II, perennially fascinating because of its drama, has attracted a lot of scholarly effort recently. Fashions in scholarship change. Older historians used to debate such questions as whether Richard was an unconstitutional tyrant and what was the legal significance of "appeal" and "impeachment". Mr Goodman belongs to a newer school which is less interested in different questions: what did the magnates hope to get out of political influence, how did their family connections affect them, what sort of links did they have with lesser men to support their political ambitions?

The reign is a crisis in a system of political conventions, not a stage in constitutional evolution. *The Loyal Conspiracy* is an example of the positive results that can be obtained by this approach.

Mr Goodman's greatest success has probably been to put some flesh and blood on to the hitherto shoddy character of Thomas of Woodstock. Thomas was the King's uncle, brother of the more successful Black Prince and of John of Gunt. He failed to get full control of the great Bohun inheritance which had been destined for him by his father, Edward III, and emerges in this account as a prince of royal blood without an estate matching his pretensions, and therefore restlessly anxious to extract a proper financial independence from his nephew. His predicament was like that of his titular successor Humphrey Duke of Gloucester in the next century and very likely to cause trouble.

His castle and college at Pleshey were magnificently furnished. Mr Goodman sees him as a poor imitator of those great contemporary patrons the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry. The other prominent Appellant, Arundel, though not of the royal blood, inherited vast and flourishing estates in Surrey, Sussex and the Welsh March and an important position in the wool export trade, which made him unusually comfortable in a class of men generally inclined to live beyond their means. His motivation, as a result, seems to have been a desire for fitting employment rather than a need for money. His

hour of glory was in 1387 when a naval force under his command in the Channel captured a large number of French ships and 8,000 tons of wine. After 1389 Richard's disfavour and pence policy deprived him of military command.

Mr Goodman does not provide as full a treatment of Bolingbroke and Mowbray probably because, as younger men, there is not the same quantity of evidence for their activities; but he has a sensitive account of Warwick, the oldest of the Appellants, about fifty in 1387, well endowed, past the best of his military career and more reluctant than the others. For Mr Goodman has also tried to build up a picture of estates and of affinities based on landed power, not many of their clients come to life so well as the famous Sir William Bagot of Baginbun, who supported the Earl of Warwick (who, according to a rhyme made a "bag" of this "rag") as MP for Warwickshire in 1388, then ingeniously attached himself to both the Earl and the King, who entrusted him with the stewardship of the confiscated Arundel estates after 1397, and finally changed sides successfully a third time in 1399.

But a great many less certain connections are unearthed. They are important in Mr Goodman's account in 1387, one of the most interesting parts of the book. He can show that their army depended partly on the power to mobilize support around their estates in southern England. He knows of course that this is not the whole story; the attitude of gentry society in general to the gentry on Richard's court is more obscure and more interesting.

The Loyal Conspiracy gives one side of the political story. A fuller study of the court and its policy would be necessary to explain why the rebellion of 1387 happened. The King's character is the centre of the political world. There is now a good deal of scattered modern writing on aspects of the reign. Someone like Mr Goodman, who has shown himself a painstaking and acute political analyst in this lightly packed monograph, ought to write a full narrative.

KO of the KPD

HORST DUHNKE:
Die KPD von 1933 bis 1945
655pp. Cologne: Kiepenheuer und Witsch, DM 72.

The Communist Party of Germany was with six million voters the third largest political movement during the last phase of the Weimar Republic. Within the Communist International it was generally regarded as "our best section". The story of its disintegration and the policy of its leadership after Hitler had come to power is therefore an important one; it has not so far been told in systematic detail. It was the general assumption among the communist leaders that social democracy not Nazism was the main enemy (although, according to Stalin, they were birds of a feather), that fascism moreover had already seized power in Germany around 1930, that Hitler's rule was not a lasting setback for the German working class because it would be short-lived and because Nazism would be succeeded by communism.

It could be argued in retrospect that this last supposition has been borne out by the course of events, although not in the way anticipated at the time: Hitler's accession in 1933 inevitably led to the Second World War which caused both the downfall of Nazism and the Soviet advance into Central Europe. It is difficult to envisage even with the benefit of hindsight another possibility of a decisive communist advance in Central Europe. The communists could claim therefore—although for obvious reasons none of them has so far done this—that in a broader perspective Hitler's temporary victory was a transitory stage, regrettable but necessary, on the road to the German Democratic Republic, and that the anti-communist arguments about communist policy in 1929-33 are therefore irrelevant.

Within a few months of Hitler's advent to power, communism had virtually ceased to exist: by 1937 even the last tiny cells of resistance had disappeared. The Communists tried from time to time to give a fresh impetus to illegal party activities by sending "instructors" from abroad. Many of these were arrested within a few days of their arrival, and with one exception none lived more than a few weeks. The exception was a man who succeeded in evading arrest up to the end of the war was, significantly, not a German, but a Volksdeutscher, Vincent Porembka, who managed to hide among the Poles of Upper Silesia. Horst Duhnke's story proves yet again the limits of any effective oppositional activity within a totalitarian regime. It is not that the individual commu-

nists lacked discipline, courage, conspiratorial know-how: Gieseler was always in full contact with the odds were hopelessly against them, and their sacrifices were vain.

In view of the absence of a "basic" this account of communist policy between 1933 and 1945 is an analysis of propaganda and resolutions by the KPD executive, its attitude to Nazi policy, its relations with other anti-Nazi parties (also during the Popular Front era), and the internal splits and purges within the party leadership. The file of the party in exile was not a happy one: KPD Politburo members were persecuted and purged by the Nazis, and the party was a victim to Stalin's purges of the Nazi persecution.

Non-communist historians dealing with the KPD before and after the war face a number of difficulties and pitfalls. For the official East German accounts all relate that communist policy, broadly speaking, was always right, and that communism was only effective anti-Nazi force from the beginning to the end of the Reich. Professor Duhnke in his footnotes engages in a running fight against this travesty of the truth. However, instead of pursuing the polemics, it might have been preferable to have stated clearly, and for all, in the very beginning of this study that there are obvious differences between historiography and historiography. Readers of a serious need monograph of this kind must be reminded that the German accounts of this period should be pursued with the greatest caution.

Furthermore, by sticking too closely to the official texts, Professor Duhnke's account too often appears as a list of facts, and is therefore less than half the national income of the state's lands; but that during the Nazi era. But the danger is not only that the handful of apparitions, its lack of history and services, the remainder of the national income) has been destroyed out of the hands of the private sector still turns out.

During the sixteenth century of the national income or output (the same viewed from different standpoints) but half of its output (three sixteenth of the national income) is taken by public authorities and redistributed "non-productive" in the sense that no new wealth is thereby created; and most of the one in four work for the state and its purely governmental, "admin", or redistributive agencies are thus employed. Since leading Western nations, not least Sweden, places such a value upon its productive private sector, for even in Sweden less of the national income is turned out or redistributed by the public sector. It is all this he thought almost impossible to ignore.

Labour's story

WOLFGANG ABENDROTH:
A Short History of the European Working Class
Translated by Nicholas Jacobs and Brian Trench.
204pp. New Left Books, £2.50.

Wolfgang Abendroth's *Sozialgeschichte der Europäischen Arbeiterbewegung* was published in 1965 and now appears, with a postscript dated 1971, in a welcome English translation. Professor Abendroth, who turned his back on the German Social Democratic Party some years ago, is a Marxist without being a communist. That is to say, he is in the tradition of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg: not an easy stance to maintain in a country whose eastern half is governed by rigid Stalinists, while its western provinces enjoy the benefits of Social Democracy. The SPD formally repudiated in the Godesberg Programme of 1959.

This book presents a straightforward account of the European labour movement from its beginnings to the Second World War, and

its aftermath. The author's theoretical position may be inferred from his observation that

at a time when almost 80 per cent of the active population were wage-earners, the SPD no longer wanted to be a workers' party, but a party of the people. In fact, it became an instrument for consolidating the rule of the ruling class over the workers.

The postscript makes the point that recent years have witnessed a significant growth in the economic militancy of the working class. It then says any Leninist can tell the difference between a working class and a working class.

Of Mr Wilson's government between 1964 and 1970 the reader is told: "As a typical Labour Government it did not seek to challenge the basic relations of production. The failure of social democracy to reduce socialism is perhaps the most significant fact of our age, but it cannot be said that Professor Abendroth does not illuminate the root causes of this. After all, it is considerably after the intellectual in dealing with the change in social relations."

ECONOMICS

SUNRISE'S heyday the harpener in the bow of the whale-boat also had a can of water and a knife. The first was to stop the crew from drinking the sea water. The second was to cut the rope, leaving the whale-boat to drift away from the ship. The crew of the whale-boat, the harpener and crew to Davy.

The peoples of the world are in the same predicament as the whale-boat crew. The world is being drawn out "with a harpoon" by the Leviathan, the KPD executive, its attitude to Nazi policy, its relations with other anti-Nazi parties (also during the Popular Front era), and the internal splits and purges within the party leadership. The file of the party in exile was not a happy one: KPD Politburo members were persecuted and purged by the Nazis, and the party was a victim to Stalin's purges of the Nazi persecution.

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The runaway Leviathan

government planning for industry have all been given a new and more robust lease of life for the 1970s and 1980s. *The Times*, May 15, 1972, article by David Wood.

... in a society which has to run by consent and where people wish to play a larger part, the leader cannot think of himself only as a manager and nothing else. The sheer grinding pressure of daily decision-making so cuts off the top from the bottom that, seen from the top, the people seem ungovernable, and seen from the bottom all authority seems stiff and remote. We cannot go on accepting the present levels of tension between government and governed without some risk to the fabric of our societies. Unless we can bridge this gulf in a meaningful way, the fears of the leaders about ungovernability, and the frustration of the public about remoteness, may both become self-fulfilling prophecies that actually do us all in to disorder, or back to authoritarianism, or both in turn, in rapid sequence. (*The Times*, April 12, 1972, extract from speech by the Rt Hon Anthony Wedgwood Benn at a conference in Oberhausen, West Germany.)

The Government is moving to a position in which it will soon be spending 1 per cent of the country's gross national product to shore the nationalised industries up, and the industries will be receiving 10 per cent of their revenues in the form of subsidies. ... Adding the losses of all the nationalised industries together comes to a sum not far short of £500m needed for subsidies this year. (*The Economist*, March 11, 1972.)

Despite some superficial sloganeering few (if any) competent observers have yet written on the implications for our society and ways of life. It is, as when our all-party extension of the frontiers of public authority gets to the point where the (thirteenth) productive private sector becomes unprofitable and unviable. Over the past decade it has become steadily and alarmingly less profitable; hence lament about the recent rising trend in unemployment and the falling trend in net new investment—lament for the same reasons and causes in the United States, Sweden, France and the Low Countries.

It is odd that scarcely a voice has been heard from British private enterprise, the City or the Conservative Party about these long and obvious trends and their interconnection. Nor has much been heard about the equally long-term upward trends in the tertiary or service industries, or the staggering 20 per cent growth in employment in "government" and the non-productive public sector—administering, redistributing, controlling and subsidizing others' outputs—over the same decade. It is surely significant that the Selective Employment Tax was singularly British in conception: to tax the newer, consumers', white-collar, employing, service or tertiary industries, in favour of a subsidy for old, ruling-down, blue or non-collar jobs. The Tories' back-track from their 1970 promises into increased subsidizing of lame-duck jobs out of sizzling duck's output has alarmed the City. What if the lame duck is the money? How will that cure unemployment? Inflation is a cause, not a cure.

Nothing like the pace and extent of these developments can be traced in any other Western country: not even recently in the United States. Accordingly, one would expect some thoroughgoing, scholarly work analysing the process, its methods and effects. Yet books bearing even indirectly on this process have been few, peripheral, and micro-economic, chiefly focusing on particular

state services or industries, or on the public sector as a whole, without even a tangential glance at the dwindling private sector furnishing the wherewithal for the steady expansion of its competitor, but having to economize and so increase unemployment in doing so.

Outstandingly sound and scholarly are those numerous and detailed analyses from the Institute of Social and Economic Research and the Department of Economics in the University of York. A few books, like *Public Economics*, the ably edited proceedings at the 1968 Bintritz conference of the International Economic Association, refer to experience now five years old at the latest, valuable as it is. The University of Glasgow's Department of Social and Economic Research is going ahead with its study of our nationalized industries, and two of its staff have produced *Nationalised Industries*, a sound survey of our electricity, coal, gas, rail, and public road and air services. From Sheffield University has come W. Thornhill's *The Nationalised Industries*, a good descriptive study of those industries plus atomic energy, iron and steel, and broadcasting.

More losses than profits

But all these books, like W. A. Robinson's *Monopolistic Nationalized Industry and Public Ownership* or J. V. Grove's *Government and Industry in Britain*, avoid the dilemma recently posed by the runaway Leviathan: What is implied by an overall loss-making public sector growing so fast that its deficits, subsidies and other net costs, falling on a dwindling private sector, render the latter less and less profitable? This is the dilemma which conjures up visions of a national polity and economy unable to maintain a familiar standard of work, leisure and consumption; one eventually collapses, even against the united wishes of all opposed politicians, into the lap of the public authority, whose officials then have to run it, not fail.

This is not a tale by the Fat Boy, nor is it wildly improbable. Few economists or civil servants have ever known how to run private-sector businesses successfully, in any country. Few of them in Britain today, and fewer of the instructed public of politicians and publicists, realize that the public sector does not need to expand to 95 per cent of total productivity for the national income before a state becomes totalitarian. It may—we cannot be sure, but it may—render the private sector unproductive at a 60 per cent pitch of responsibility for productive decision-making (entailing employment and investment levels). Then the collapse of the private, hitherto the overwhelmingly productive, sector would be startlingly quick and complete, for everybody is somebody's supplier and customer alike. It is arguable that this could occur before long in Britain, especially because we have no cadre of managers capable of running the whole economy profitably and for growth rather than for losses and decline.

Whether British society could in this eventuality remain a democracy in the hitherto accepted sense is anyone's guess. The probability seems minimal. Thus much more is at stake now than an annoying series of micro-economic dislocations, like deteriorating postal and transport

services, collapsing coalmines, or interrupted power supplies. From council housing to the BBC and from our health and welfare services to education and law and order, the serious student of things in come must ask why so many services and industries are in the public sector, why its scope and manpower are growing so fast, why both Tories and Labour agree to raid the dwindling profits of a curtailed private sector in order to expand the increasingly loss-making public sector—a perfect recipe for falling standards of living. This is the root of the real *malaise* in our society, and as that disease has been progressive it is hardly surprising that its symptoms are recurrent and more convulsive. Inflation worsens it.

Two books recommend economic, and thus social and political, changes, though they do so in differing directions. Richard Pryke's *Public Enterprise in Practice* is subtitled "The British Experience of Nationalisation over Two Decades"; but that is inadequate, for his large volume is really an analytical and statistical exercise to support his contention that our nationalized industries have, over two decades, on the whole shown higher productivity of manpower and capital than the private sector. To support so superficially surprising a contention Mr Pryke has revamped and idiosyncratically redefined our accepted notions of productivity, profitability, cost and pricing; and many of his comparisons with the private sector or with other countries' experience are more ingenious than convincing. Those who want economic change and verse for querying and refuting Mr Pryke's contentions and data will find them amply provided by Dr George and Mrs Frisella Polanyi's careful article "The Efficiency of Nationalised Industries" in the Spring 1972 issue of *Monopolistic and Wall Street* (Hill Samuel and Co Ltd). But Mr Pryke's peculiar virtuosity does raise intriguing questions.

How intriguing and (for many authorities) embarrassing it would be—though both the scholars of York and Her Majesty's statisticians doubt its feasibility—to cost our defences and measure their benefits, or our museums and galleries, or parks, and other generally enjoyed and paid-for "goods"! What are alternative foreign policies worth? Or our law courts, or police, or our civil service, or our local government? In "people's democracies" all these numerous and socio-politico-economic problems are swallowed in the capacious maw of Leviathan. They constitute no economic, costing or pricing problem, because they are thus swallowed. There are no alternatives, no choices, except for officials. No one sees or feels the micro-economic costs of this or that because there is no "or" allowed. So Mr Pryke's singular work thus leads him to a valuable last chapter, "The Irrelevance of Ownership", which really does rise to the main issue underlying the English disease: namely, "Why shouldn't we go 100 per cent public sector, and what's the fuss about it anyway?"

In that chapter, after some discussion of the relative efficiencies of the two sectors, Mr Pryke puts such sympathizers with public ownership, or principle as Anthony Crosland and Christopher Foster on the mat as purveyors of "the conventional wisdom" about public ownership: that it's all right up to a point. (Mr Cros-

land as a former Minister of the older generation can well look after himself, but it seems a bit hard on the indubitably able Professor Foster, so lately out of Whitehall and author of the outstandingly perceptive *Politics, Finance and the Role of Economics*.) Professor Foster takes the opposite view to Mr Pryke's: namely, that our nationalized industries stand on his arguments he could have added "our entire public sector", of which he has so much knowledge must make bigger and bigger losses unless the application of commercial standards and principles is enforced on them; and ironically that the higher the economy's inflation or boom, the worse the losses of the public sector, because a boom in the more productive private sector constitutes impossibly heavy demands on the public sector which it cannot economically meet.

This is the other side of the coin depicting the plight of private enterprise in Britain, denuded of real profit, raided to subsidize the lame ducks of its own private sector, taxed to subsidize the public sector's massive loss-making, and held back from charging due prices while hijacked for uneconomic wage and salary rates. That other side of the coin can be simply put: Who and what can bail out anybody, private or public, if public policies result in everybody losing and all making losses? Where does unemployment, or employment or investment, go then? Much the same moral is cogently shown by another ex-Whitehall economist of eminence, Ralph Turvey, in his *Economic Analysis and Public Enterprises*, which also throws into bright relief the pricing and investment defects of our nationalized industries.

Hamlet without the Prince

Mr Pryke finds public ownership on the whole providing a positively "valuable drive" which is lacking in private industry. He lays about him at professors of economics who have approached the public sector's agencies or activities critically (including Wiseman of York and Prest of the London School of Economics). Finally, he bluntly declares that public enterprise can not only be more efficient than its private counterpart, but can also prove more profitable:

That the nationalized industries have in fact earned their profits by what on

the whole provided a positively "valuable drive" which is lacking in private industry. He lays about him at professors of economics who have approached the public sector's agencies or activities critically (including Wiseman of York and Prest of the London School of Economics). Finally, he bluntly declares that public enterprise can not only be more efficient than its private counterpart, but can also prove more profitable:

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balance have been superior means, in terms of the national welfare, to those employed by private industry has been the central thesis of this book.

This is healthy stimulation. Why, one wonders, shouldn't we "converge" in British communism over night? But that antipathetic sentence of Mr Pryke's book causes caution. Isn't the Prince still missing from the play? Why only now "nationalized industries" (and not the rest, the bulk of the public sector which is non-productive)? Which services' real "profits" spread over what others, and how thinly? "Superior means" how measured, and how is the national welfare measured? And how is private enterprise's contribution to national welfare measured? The bulk of the public sector engaged in "admin" and in redistributing wealth created elsewhere (14 or 15 per cent of the national income created by the public sector's productive agencies, 85 to 86 per cent by the private sector) is not composed of any "nationalized industries" and has no measurable "profitability" at all, nor ever can have: it is all drain, all "cost" on the remainder (public plus private). The critical issue remains: how far can you push the non-productive bulk of the public sector at the private sector's cost, and maintain (let alone advance) the average material standard of life, including leisure and environment and all else (measurable in money terms or not)? Full employment, redistribution of wealth, relief of the needy—can be realized in any true sense only from a more, not less, profitable private sector.

At least Mr Pryke is emphatically right on a cardinal point: it isn't economically sound, in public as in private enterprise, to expand the measurably loss-making activities, to

mis-invest or mis-apply scarce resources of capital and manpower. It has always been recognized as wrong in the private sector where, until now, penalties—out, the case of Kulk-Royce—have invariably caught up with the perpetrators of such economic error. That resources are scarce for Americans and Russians alike, and for all others developed or developing, in relation to the totality of public demands upon them is being painfully realized everywhere, despite (or perhaps because of) the advances of technology as well as the demands of human beings for preservation of their familiar environment. Ownership, management and administration of "all the means of production, distribution and exchange" by the public sector can have no guarantee of material, environmental benefit to the citizenry. Quite the contrary, to judge from results on the other side of the Iron Curtain. Quite the contrary, too, to judge from what has recently gone on in the public sectors of Britain, France, Italy, the United States, not to mention Spain and Greece and Canada. The blunt truth is that, to match the world's explosive population increase and humanity's equally explosive demands for goods and services, material "growth"—not just maintenance of present standards—must stand out as a premium in the concern of all governments for as far as any of us can peer into the twenty-first century.

To stunt or prune the private sector in order to bail out or subsidize loss-makers, and thus to maintain or create unproductive jobs and to waste capital while expanding this public loss-making sector, does not just spell for Britain and like countries stable economic systems, steady jobs, assured standards of consumption. It spells the growing enforced leisure of unemployment, it savers'

investors' strike, and—whether full employment at any standards of pay, inflation, or real consumption can be enforced by the state or not—invariably falling standards of living. These can only be borne in Britain if the state then re-imposes the deleterious equality of rationing and temporary rationing. This cannot be put through save in two ways: by a coalition of parties, logical because of their strange compliances of policy; or by dictatorship. And runaway inflation leads thither, too.

That this, again, is not alarmist, nor even confined to Britain as a discussable possibility, can be gauged from the present disillusion, disappointment about new investment, and open disillusion in Sweden, that the socialist utopia, with its price-freezes, dwindling profitability, stagnant investment and unprecedented social unrest (see *Financial Times* special supplement of April 10, 1972, and *The Economist*, April 29, 1972, "Do Price Controls Work?"). One need scarcely add the convulsions and tergiversations of American or French policies in this same context of prices and profits versus wages and salaries, of public versus private sectors, and of inflation versus social stability. As in so much else, what is alarming in our British context is that we are carrying these policies to far more dangerous pitches than other countries: hence our sickness. "Perhaps half-hiding countries like Britain can enforce them more successfully" while also: this may be a great disadvantage if the result is to cause so large a cut in profit margins that there is then an investment recession" (*The Economist* article cited above). For Britain there can be no comfort in the doctrine of convergence between so-called communism and capitalism.

Nor can convergence do what

is wanted by so many people. Nor is it true that private enterprise must inevitably grow into bigger and fewer units, in which the managements, efficiency measures and profit-and-loss-making approximate more and more to those in the public sector. Over the past two or three years in Britain the trends in use of manpower and in new investment in the two sectors have been in opposite directions. In the United States—initially the most efficient economy on earth producing for all Americans on average standards of living and leisure and longevity the envy of most of the peoples in the world—the private sector is still profitably growing. It can finance a parallel growing public sector (now coping with environmental and urban problems) and still clock up rising average material standards for consumers. The list of other Western nations doing likewise and bypassing Britain is tedious.

Logically, therefore, the doctrine of convergence doesn't hold water. Politically—that is, emotionally—it may well for Britain: stifle, gagging, steadily surpassed. If it does, of all men we would be the most miserable, for our outlook would be grimmer in both public and private sectors, since our economy is less viable than almost any other as a centralized

state system. Happily we have no brighter spirits among us who push issues steadily and wholeheartedly than David Coombe, who, in his *State Enterprise: A Study in Politics*, after an extensive excursion through these fields, "could be great gains for the efficiency and effectiveness of government enterprise in this country... But it is not such changes at politics—witness the upward academic circles and other interest groups caused by the Rothschild's recent, overdue, and public funds and scientific research. Apparent-chicki are by no means so simple as they seem. It is already late to ask for a good work, and analysis and building the dilemma resulting in the runaway Leviathan. Do people know they are in the boat? Is the harpoon equipped for the emergency? Would we show our behaviour if we could find, shown, a better basis for action, than blubber? Would we settle for more work, less leisure and a lower standard of life, but in a disciplined freedom of a people democracy?

Some books mentioned in this article: J. MARSHALL and M. GITTIN (Editors): *Public Economics*. 600pp. Macmillan. £7.10 (1969). GRAMM L. REIN and KLYNN ALLEN: *Nationalized Industries*. 186pp. Penguin. Paperback, 40p (1970). W. THOMSON: *The Nationalized Industries*. 248pp. Nelson. £2.11 (1968). W. A. RUSSELL: *Nationalized Industry and Public Ownership*. 544pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.50 (1962). J. W. GARDIN: *Government and Indus-*

Ball game

SEYMOUR: *The Golden Age 1903-1914*. Oxford University Press.

Lord delighted to remind that he is favourably mentioned in the book. But it is a minor sport in parts of the book. But its British status is no less than the status of the Philadelphia Phillies and the New York Yankees. It is the influence of baseball on the United States, and the United States on the world, that is the book's theme. As a spectator sport, baseball is less boring than cricket, and as a game, it is more exciting than football. The book is a study of the game, its history, its development, and its influence on the world. It is a book for the sportsman, the student, and the general reader. It is a book that is well worth reading.

But it is to be feared that even if Mr O'Malley goes on his lucrative travels again, his profits may be taken in the form of real-estate deals, not in the form of an unbreakable loyalty to the American equivalent of the Scots zealous who fill the terraces of Hampden.

Smaller ball game

in whom he introduced on the first tee. Of all this Mr Pottinger writes with the slightly astrigent tone of one restraining his emotions. To Muirfield as a championship course he does his duty, but with less obvious pleasure. This year Muirfield, taking no more kindly to public stands and advertisements than a thoroughbred in a bridle and hit, will stage one of the world's biggest golf events, the British Open. Mark McCormack's latest annual is poles apart. Not all his bulky volume is by his own hand, but in the opening chapter, "The Year in Retrospect", we have come to count on original thinking and forthright comment. As manager of the Big Three in America it is natural that his attention should centre on those he has made wealthy and who have made him famous; but he has, in reviewing the past year, to give pride of place to Lee Trevino. Jack (Nicklaus) won more money and took fewer strokes than any body else... yet once again he was not the prodigious drawing card he might have been. Trevino caught the headlines with victory in the United States, Canadian, and British Opens within a month. Having reached the top of the plateau, can Trevino stay there? Mr McCormack asks. Such questions make this volume stimulating for the enthusiast; while the spacious recording of world events also makes it a useful work of reference.

Farthest point from the instructional book is Henry Longhurst's *My Soft Life and Times*. The author saw no other possible justification for the writing of such a book than giving pleasure; he has succeeded beyond his own expectations. Golf forms only an introduction to the book, as it has formed an introduction to a wider life for Mr Longhurst. It is the most important work of one who is half-amateur, half-professional in his writing. He affects the light-hearted style and does not tread the paths of Fleet Street more than he has to; but underneath there lies the completely professional approach.

To get to the other side?

JOHN FAIRFAX: *Britain's Rowing Alone Across the Atlantic*. 221pp. William Kimber. £2.50.

NICOLETTE MILNES WALKER: *When I Put Out to Sea*. 158pp. Collins. £2.25.

PETER HEATON: *Mike Sail*. 298pp. Pelham. £3.50.

"The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it." Oscar Wilde's aphorism about Dorian Gray, even when it is a question of putting one's life rather than one's immortal soul in peril, comes closer to explaining the urge which drove John Fairfax to row alone across the Atlantic than Sir John Hunt's blunter remark about conquering Everest: "because it was there". Since childhood Mr Fairfax had been obsessed by a determination to surpass the unique achievement of two Norwegians, Hjalmar and Samuelson, "the first men ever to cross the Atlantic Ocean in a tiny boat with no other means of propulsion than oars". Not only that, despite having always been a resident of Argentina (where, he says, sponsorship would have been more easily forthcoming), he wanted to do it for England.

At first, the patriotic Mr Fairfax was sully disappointed in the England he found in 1967: he met with nothing but bureaucracy, spinelessness and sheer ridicule as he spent the interval between the Serpentine and the Atlantic. But something about the young man (who had just gambled and lost

his remaining funds) appealed to the grand old man of British yachting, Uffa Fox, who agreed to design him a boat. Given such patronage, sufficient money for the enterprise was raised and the patriotically-named Britannia launched at Cowes in 1968. As we now know, Mr Fairfax not only succeeded in rowing his way to Florida (and funnily but went on to row the Pacific with his first ally in London, Sylvia Cook).

By his own account, Mr Fairfax emerges as a curious kind of nautical frontiersman, relieving the drudgery of rowing by singing opera, imploring "his" Goddess Venus for following winds and filling his log with purplish patches of insight (or is it hindsight?).

Mr Fairfax is very different from the British superman of the sea of recent years. It is this self-assured Errol Flynnish life-style rather than the adventure itself which makes his book readable: an account of a two-steps-backwards-for-each-step-forward passage, his monotony relieved only by encounters with passing ships.

Unlike Mr Fairfax, Nicolette Milnes Walker is modest and evidently well brought-up, quietlike which, alas, inhibit her powers of description. While it goes without saying that she is extremely brave and capable, for a research psychologist she is strangely inarticulate and reserved about her motives in undertaking a singlehanded transatlantic passage. She didn't want to enter *The Observer* Singlehanded "because I

was not interested in coming half way down the field"; she wanted to be the first woman to make the crossing non-stop; she was "interested in studying the performance of various physical and mental faculties under difficult conditions".

She describes these tasks in detail (although one suspects her of underplaying the difficulties and hardships) and it is her ad hoc solutions to hourly problems which will certainly make her book more interesting, technically speaking, to yachtsmen than Mr Fairfax's. But it seems a pity for someone of her profession to have withheld—perhaps in the interests of lighter reading—all but the most superficial comments on her solitary adventure.

In Britain, no licence is required to build, launch and set sail in your own boat even if your previous experience is limited in the Round Pond. In Poland, by contrast, there are no fewer than three strict examinations to be passed before a boatowner may sail offshore unaccompanied by an expert. For the increasing number of tyros who believe they can take to sailing as naturally as a duck to water, Peter Heaton's latest book on home boat-building and sailing ought to be required reading. The writing may be a bit salty, but here it is the writer's authority which counts and Mr Heaton, while assuming you don't know port from starboard, conducts you through the inescapable maths and technology of modern boat-building and then explains how to sail the product without perishing in the attempt. As useful as a refresher course as it is for the beginner, *Mike Sail* is generously supplied with nautical architects' drawings and, above all, collates essential information it would otherwise take months to accumulate.

The instrument of restraint

ALLAN FELS: *The British Prices and Incomes Board*. 298pp. Cambridge University Press. £3.80 (paperback, £1.60).

The Prices and Incomes Board was established in the Spring of 1965 and abolished five years later. No adequate study of its work, however, can fail to take into account the unfavourable economic environment within which the Board existed, circumstances that made its work extremely difficult to assess.

It is to the credit of Allan Fels that he has not written a merely technical assessment. He emphasizes that the economic context in which the Prices and Incomes Board and the NBPPI operated was unpropitious. Central to the difficulty was the deficit in the balance of payments which overshadowed the Government between 1965 and 1969. It meant, in effect, that the prices and incomes policy, instead of being, as originally envisaged, an instrument for planned growth, became an instrument for restraint. For a period following the sterling crisis in the summer of 1966 and the devaluation of November 1967 the policy, if strictly observed, would have resulted in a fall in the living standards of the majority of people whose pay was determined by collective bargaining. Obviously, this policy was unacceptable not only to the unions but to the British people.

Mr Fels describes the earlier attempts at price and incomes policy. One of the most ambitious, and almost certainly the most successful, was launched during the "interim" period of the postwar Labour Government. Even that attempt finally collapsed under the impact of rising prices caused by the Korean war and rearmament. Other attempts by a succession of Conservative governments were rather less successful. Even so, the broad lines of official thinking were being evolved, and when in 1965 the Government came into power in 1964 it was able to proceed towards a more formal and comprehensive policy. This culminated in the Joint Declaration of Intent signed by the Government, the TUC and employers' leaders shortly after the election.

Despite Harold Wilson's attacks

upon the so-called wasted years of Tory rule, Labour's record of economic stagnation was, if anything, even worse. The economy grew very slowly and there was little real change in living standards. Though Roy Jenkins has now rediscovered the existence of poverty he proved to be one of the least inspired of Chancellors. Labour, on the other hand, could claim that, for the first time since the war, the balance of payments had swung very substantially into surplus. But the price, measured in real economic terms, was very high.

The prices and incomes policy of the Labour Government was a flop. Prices rose faster than ever and there was not a single period when average pay increases were limited to "the norm". At the end of the Labour Government's period of office both pay and prices were galloping ahead. Nevertheless, it remains true that the intention of the prices and in-

comes policy was a sound one. Experience showed that overtaking depended upon the economic circumstances. Given the right environment in the future, the experience of the Prices and Incomes Board will provide a valuable guide. While in operation the Board produced no less than 170 reports, and achieved a speed of reporting not matched by any public investigating agency. Its cost was a relatively modest £4 million spread over the five years of its existence. The Board consisted of businessmen, trade unionists and academics and was able to recruit a highly skilled staff experienced in management techniques and industrial relations. From about 1968, when its effectiveness as economic control declined, its role as a stimulator of business efficiency increased.

The Board made its share of mistakes and its reports were of uneven quality. It rightly saw the inflationary

danger of wage claims based mainly on comparability. But it went to the opposite extreme of under-estimating the extent to which considerations of wage comparisons perform a legitimate economic function in the labour market. And the Board never resolved within its own reports how far labour is entitled to share in the benefits that flow from increased capital investment. At one stage it tended to take the view that labour's share in the rewards of increased productivity should be related to labour's direct contribution. At other stages it recognized that labour's contribution can also be made in the form of cooperation with new forms of capital equipment. The Board found it impossible to measure labour's direct contribution independently of the capital equipment being employed. It tended also to underestimate some of the problems of productivity bargaining, while its report on overtime was in some respects

equivocal. But these criticisms are distinct from the central conclusion of the Board made to the study of the behaviour of important sectors of British industry and to the exposure of weaknesses. Valuable suggestions were made in almost all its reports. As never before, it made those engaged in collective bargaining aware of the importance of productivity and it threw a searching light on price arrangements existing in many industries.

The failings of the Prices and Incomes Board should not be taken as a belittling of its role as an instrument of policy, but to indicate that such a Board is not a substitute for economic growth. One day the present government and future government is likely to return to the task of operating a prices and incomes policy through a public agency charged with scrutinizing the putative pay and price trends. It is to be hoped that next time it will be in conditions of economic expansion.

POTTINGER: *Chall and Windus*. £3. CHALLO and WINDUS: *Chall and Windus*. £3. CHALLO and WINDUS: *Chall and Windus*. £3.

Longhurst's book on Muirfield is primarily for homo con-gregatus, but not entirely. It is a book for the sportsman, the student, and the general reader. It is a book that is well worth reading.

The machinery of control

R. J. S. BAKER: *Administrative Theory and Public Administration*. 208pp. Hutchinson University Library. £2.50 (paperback, £1.25).

The first part of *Administrative Theory and Public Administration* outlines a number of theories of industrial organization; the second seeks to develop a theory of public administration in Britain, by analysing its functions, forms, and processes. The essence of the book is of course, the second part, yet it is likely that many readers will find the first part of interest to the first. R. J. S. Baker has, in fact, provided a brief history of organizational theory as applied to industry since its origins in the early 19th century. The book is a study of the French industrial administrator, Henri Fayol (1841-1925).

Fayol believed in administrative order and his style was generally authoritarian. Nevertheless, he was among the first to emphasize that administration, as distinct from technical skill, called for special

qualities. The higher in an organization an executive is placed the more he is occupied with administrative functions and the less with technical functions. The main elements of administration, argued Fayol, were foresight, organization, command, coordination and control. Organizational theory has advanced enormously since Fayol's day. It has become more less authoritarian and, in the light of recent surveys, nowadays attaches emphasis to the value of participative styles of management. Managers at all levels are recognized for the complex human beings they are. To use the modern jargon, managers have to be "motivated" and their effort is likely to correspond to their satisfaction in what they are doing. Organizational theories now try to ascertain what makes people behave as they do, and hence what changes in the industrial environment may be necessary. The changes may affect the organization's structure, the conditions of employment, the kind of tasks performed, the relationship between different levels of the command hierarchy, or incentive.

Despite these developments, the value of Fayol's concept of management or administration as a distinct function remains undiminished. Not a year goes by without reports of projected new structures, frameworks, or organizational changes for the public services and public corporations. The surprising thing is not that careful attention should be given to how public bodies are administered, but that often these same bodies have gone on for years without proper scrutiny.

Mr Baker's concluding chapter provides a broad outline of a theory of public administration. He says that we can learn from the school of Fayol the value of definitions of function, authority and responsibility, clear lines of command and control, and orderly administrative structures. These principles are particularly important in public organizations whose functions are regulatory, judicial, and legal.

The modern state, however, also has a wider range of functions. It has to balance conflicting interests as well as to exercise authority, to promote discussions on a wide range

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